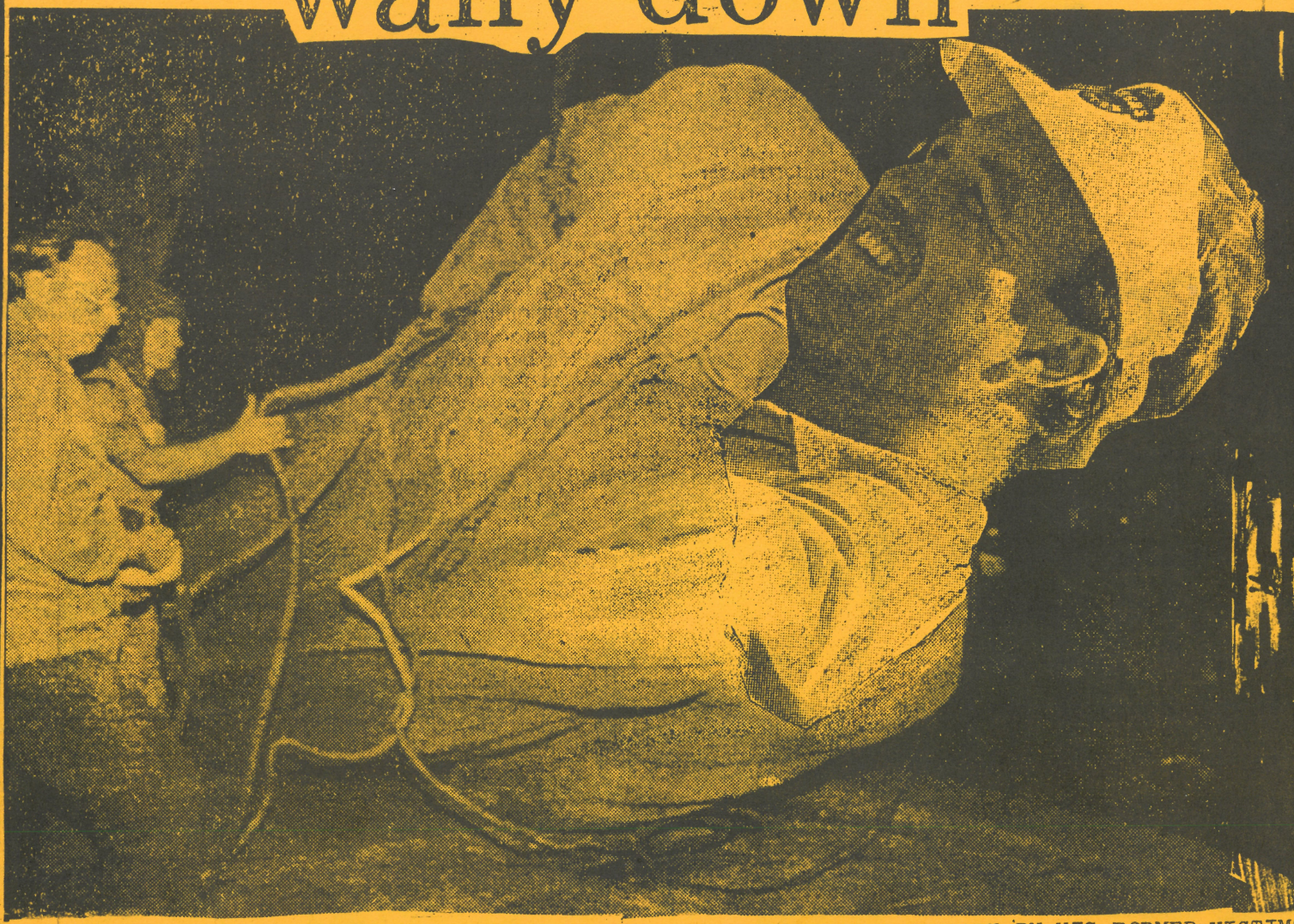
# GOAT

## wally down



THE STATUE OF "IRON WALLY" IS IGNOMINOUSLY HAULED AWAY FROM LANG PARK BY HIS FORMER VICTIMS.

come infected with flabbiness and arrogance a good 10 years ago.

arrest and internal ex- in

Since glasnost opened new channels of information, the "common herd" are not so easily fed disinformation. Nor do they fear, as they did, even to utter the dreaded three letters.

This, however, does not mean days are over. Histo-

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

one who suggested that w
rite an artist called John Und-
erw cd to execute Lawrie's bold
vision of a bronze statue of Wal-
ly Lewis for Lang Park. And
Lawrie is to blame for having
had his bold Wally vision in the
first place.

A Western military attache said: " it "could not be put into the category of *art*".
You cannot expect conscripts to face a hostile crowd without intensive training, which the officers have neither the will nor the perience to give."

> "now denounced as a danger to state security, is under assault from all sides"

# Features

INSIDE: THE HILTON BOMBING UNCKLE FATS & UNCKLE RATS/ METHEDONE-YOUR NOT A THREAT WHEN YOUR OUT OF YOUR HEAD/AIDEX REVIEWED/ ONLY TEASING- CONFESSIONS OF A MALE STRIPPER/ RATBAG POETS & MORE.....

WORDS

IDEAS

ACTIONS

Dear Gloat Editors

I need to know. Is Gloat a malignant state of mind for which there is no known cure? Is it a form of post-modernist spectatorship applied to rugby league? Is it a bidding system used at ex-east european political icon auctions? I'm wondering if this is something I do more than twice a day myself without even being aware of the implications. Please inform me. Failing that, at least a set of detailed instructions in your next issue. P.S Is there any chance of a Junior Gloat Club for the kids

Yours Anxiously
Mikhail

words

ideas

actions

WORDS
IDEAS
ACTIONS

ACTIONS

GLOAT
PO BOX 332
NORTH QUAY
BRISBANE
AUSTRALIA 4002

if you consider the body
an envelope
and I think you can (containing)

then would you send an empty one,

or one that's stamped and

self-addressed?

Heidi


"WORK AS LOVE, NOT SLAVERY."

THIRD WORLD HANDICRAFTS

CO-OPERATIVELY MADE GOODS

JUSTICE PRODUCTS
235 BOUNDARY ST WEST END

# views of

**The Rainbow flag waved above the huge flagpole on top of Parliament House, and then the giant hand marched off. Outside the National Exhibition Centre in Canberra, the O.S.G waited. Peaceniks and left militants. Non-violence and police violence. At times there seemed more than two sides.**

Late on Saturday morning November 23, thirteen people assembled outside Justice Products West End, to take a hire bus to Canberra and join the stop AIDEX campaign . Thirteen people who all looked like they wished they had more sleep on the night before. Unfortunately it was only a twelve seater bus. The last person who put their name down for a seat on the bus had to miss out. It was Bernie Maloney, but it was OK he got a seat on a big bus that afternoon. Another bus with about twelve people left West End the day before carrying Catholic Workers and other protesters. Other Brisbane people made their way down to Canberra by various means.

The next time I saw Bernie he was being bashed by policemen in blue overalls. They had him on the ground and were hunched over him like a blue cancerous growth, trying to hide with their own bodies the blows they were inflicting upon him. He was being dragged away from a group of people sitting down on the road, the sort of protest action that was becoming common place by that stage of the STOP AIDEX campaign, but the police violence had escalated to such a pitch that people were hurt quite badly, not for resisting being removed from sit-down actions, but for simply not co-operating. On the same day I saw a young woman crumpled on the road side and heard that she had been carried to the bitumen edge by the cops and dropped from waist height. Spinal injury was suspected. On a more positive note, it was on that day that women wove messages of peace and beautiful pictures into the fence of the Exhibition ground where the arms bazaar was going on providing one of the most lasting and spectacular images of the protest. But it was on Wednesday November 27, the second day of the three day long Arms Bazaar. I had arrived in Canberra on the hire bus after travelling for twenty hours or so. The STOP AIDEX campaign had been happening for two days, starting with a march on Saturday November 23 from Parliament house to the Exhibition site. A blockade of the Exhibition ground to keep out trucks carrying weapons display was in full swing. At about 7AM that Sunday morning I witnessed a truck with the company name on the side blacked out shunt into a group of protesters sitting down to block entry. The people with their bodies at risk in the path of the vehicle had to grab the bullbar of the truck to prevent themselves going underneath it, and were pushed along the tarmac screaming while their comrades jumped to the truck windows and in front of the windscreen to remonstrate with the driver. Somehow no one was hurt. The truck was turned back.

The violence of the confrontation and the courage of the protesters stunned me, still half asleep from the trip down from Brisbane. I saw a man in a wheelchair who was taking part in the blockade, being pushed and knocked over by a car. I wondered what I had got myself into.

It was an exciting week and an effective protest. We didn't stop AIDEX but we made it less likely that such an obscene manifestation of the arms trade will be put on again. And if they do put on such an arms fair again if AIDEX 93 goes ahead? We will be there also to make it a failure.

Another View

# AIDEX 2

My story begins on Saturday 23 November outside the main entrance of the national Exhibition Centre in Canberra, where the second Australian International Defence Exhibition (AIDEX) was held. A display of death and destruction at nearly affordable prices. I was among a group of people who sat in front of army trucks and hired cars, and was surprised by the roughness of the police and their tactics ( fingers in the armpit, faces to the pavement, etc) towards a group of people who were resisting only by refusing to move. One police officer said they only responded with 'equal force' . This was a lie. Never in our wildest peaceful dreams could we match the level of police assaults physically or mechanically.

The rally on the Saturday set the pace for the direction of the protest and produced confusion and discontent about the nature of the action, its benefits, and possible outcome. A wonderfully large and colourful crowd approached the main gate at the Exhibition Centre and managed to close it, but not without a few scuffles. Who threw the punches and/or shoves is hard to say. People being pushed by police ultimately resist and thus we have what is considered violence from our side.

It was decided at the dusk meeting that even if there was violence that was how it would be. The argument came strongly from the union, the International Socialists and Resistance. According to the way they rationalise and discuss, if you don't agree with them, then your whole philosophy is useless. Not feeling very socialist in theory or practice, it was overwhelming to be told that your feelings were shit.

Fortunately, there were enough people who disagreed with them and we moved to another gate to set about organising how we would blockade. Blockades had been arranged at two other gates which consisted of car bodies, tires, a bonfire, science tables, and those magically effective tripods that you only expect to see in the forest. The goal was to lock everyone out of the complex, and we would use our bodies.

And use our bodies we did.

On Sunday, a group of people positioned at yet another gate (there were six gates in total) watched trucks circle the five hectare complex for four hours, look-

ing for an entrance. At about 11AM, a police rescue van (cute) rolled up and out jumped numerous overalled cops with angle grinders and bolt cutters. They cut through the wire gate in seconds, opened it, and motioned the convoy to move in.

We managed to form a fairly solid blockade. A sergeant ordered us all to leave, and when we didn't, he pulled my head back by holding my ears, telling me to move. Then he held me under the chin and pulled as if to pull me up. The pain grew worse as I was being dragged off by two cops who demonstrated this lovely tactic of bending both wrists inward. It really hurt.

I saw protesters thrown to the ground, sat on, hit, pulled by the hair, fingers stuck in the throat, and more. Out of nowhere, a guy with a camera managed to get some footage of the extremely unnecessary violence. The fact that he was there seemed to force the cops to watch themselves. But they don't need brownie points from the public, so I doubt that they cared.

One army truck managed to get through (with a few protesters on top of it) out of a convoy of up to six or seven vehicles. It was amazing to see people under, between, and on top of cars and trucks, actually stopping them. It was also amazing what you can cunningly accomplish with angle grinders.

Later that day, the Operational Support Group (the O.S.G) emerged and put themselves at the main gate. We knew it was a decoy immediately, but where? Whilst people were running from gate to gate, exhausting themselves, the cops cut through a section of the fence and let the convoy in. Just like that. Despite the disappointment, we had managed to stop AIDEX for two days.

Towards the end of the day, a huge human blockade had formed at the gate which had been used as the entrance at the last AIDEX. By evening the blockade was hundreds strong, singing, chanting, arguing, drumming, hopeful. Everyone had come together, still arguing ideologies, yet together at the point of focus.

The riot squad were positioned ready to move in . They looked like the police we had seen on TV beating into people in Brixton or South Africa. The sight was truly outrageous. We were horrified when we thought of the utter contradiction of 'equal force'. After negotiations they were persuaded to leave. We were fortunate.

We stayed through the night and through the following Monday. Around noon, our favourites, the O.S.G. rolled up. Police surrounded the tripods and the group sitting, blocking support so we could not increase our numbers. (The tripod was erected early Monday morning using the excuse that it was a teepee). The O.S.G moved in and picked up each activist, bent their wrists, pulled hair necks arms legs, and threw them into the police van. It was devastating to watch people being plucked from a tightly clad struggle. Mostly exhausted, sunburnt, ochre faces (which was interpreted by the cops as shit) dehydrated, defenceless people using their bodies to protect the victims of AIDEX. Independent media were pulled off industrial bins and put into police vans without their equipment. I was moved to tears as I realised the might of the state had no match. We had no trucks, batons, helmets, angle grinders, guns or the liberty to strike with no responsibility. It was symbolic of the fact that the state does not know how to negotiate on peaceful terms, let alone respect anyone who is willing to put their bodies on the line in the hope of preventing war crimes committed via AIDEX.

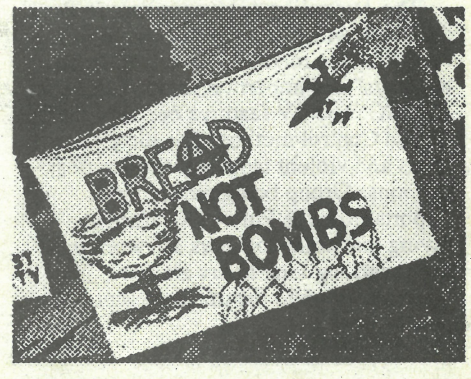
At this point, all the gates except one were opened and the barricades destroyed and confiscated. However the government realised that it had been a waste of time and energy to arrest 200 people, so they told them they had breached the peace!!

The following three days consisted of arrests, protests, continued violence and escalating police harassment of the camp. In the watchhouse, some people were tortured. One guy was tortured over night, another kicked in the back before entering court. One guy who I had witnessed having his head bashed into the side of the police van, was expected to go with the same cop to get his belongings from camp. The magistrate laughed at our spiels and performed patronising paternal trips on us.

By Thursday afternoon, the demonstration was beginning to wind down. After three days of street theatre, music, prayer, road blockades, a wedding, marching, screaming, chanting, running, arguing with cops, hilariously satirising the O.S.G who acted like 'Nazi thugs' (B. Maloney 1991), arrests, prison cells, uptight watchhouse cops, violence, police harassment, we were glad to be back to the people who loved and appreciated our work.

**Article: Rachel**

**Photos: Don Little**



# AIDEX AND CROWD CONTROL

**What exactly do they sell at these Arms Fairs? Why is it closed to the Australian Public, and why is it that we are not informed on what they have to offer?**

Apart from a mention in the news of High-Tech weapons through to safety and rescue gear, nothing was said as to what they were promoting to any Government or Police Department with annual budget dollars to spend.

It is obvious that the information was not forthcoming due to the chance that just maybe, the cogs may start grinding if the finer details came out: eg. Do they stock a range of Small Personal Portable Nuclear Demolition Charges of 0.01 **kiloton** and up, or the finest range of Chemical Weapons?

There's no doubt that sales would be the highest in the "Small Goods Department" restocking and updating equipment used in Crowd Control, to protect the State from its own civilians. There are nasty little gadgets on the market especially for this: eg. gasses through to high frequency transmitters that induce vomiting, dizziness, headaches ect; full riot police equipment (protective gear); utensils and the latest strategic information books and videos (training programs). The range in hardware included, armoured vehicles, water canons, helicopters ect. Then there are the weapons, from batons to tear gas, guns that fire rubber bullets -- When things really get out of hand, high powered weapons. **Call in the military!!**

Smaller and poorer states which during civil disturbances have in the past called in the military as a first step of defence, often going overboard in doing what they are trained for, resulting in a bloodbath slaying of civilians. This is frowned upon by the international community and that State is put under pressure by western governments. Then it is encouraged to spend money on internal security, building a crowd control arsenal with a more humane touch (most likely with money loaned from the World Bank complete with sewn on strings). They are invited to come along and shop at AIDEX in order to clean up their cleaning up act. These materials are not cheap, outfitting appropriately sized response units would certainly have the tills overflowing in the "Small Goods" department at AIDEX.

The Australian public are kept in the dark to what is being sold. They are distracted by the media focus on "thugs and terrorists" in Canberra protesting against AIDEX. The TV features our very own Crowd Control method. The dirty skills, tricks and violent tactics of the Tactical Response Group being put into use. Reports from the Police Department saying that police officers are worn out from working long hours all week. No doubt resulting in the misjudgment and malpractice: eg.a report of someone being detained and tortured (as by the book).

The violent action of the police in general led to a statement from Canberra's local authority stating that it was too expensive, took too much manpower to be able to protect the exhibition in the future, and it would not permit AIDEX to take place in Canberra again. To which the AIDEX organisers replied, we will have AIDEX '93 in Canberra on a military base, with **military protection**. This is yet to be seen.

Australian police forces, of course, have the tools and weapons for crowd control and the ability to use them. With so many officers going down in the field, in action against non-violent demonstrators (being driven to a violent reaction) and having the use of full colour video evidence (supplied by ASIO) to justify in future actions the use of gadgetry (which at the moment is being left in the truck) of which they will claim will make the task easier, reduce injury and easing on manpower, eventually justifies!

## Police provoking people to re-act violently

This is of great concern to the activist who might find themselves (practising their right to protest) in a hostile situation (possibly provoked by police instigators) unprotected and unprepared for such a conflict - after all they came peacefully. While the media is on a commercial break these police actions take place. A lot of people can get seriously hurt they can't hide the injury toll but it's not live footage!

Protective gear is needed to ensure personal protection in both non-violent or violent *re*action at actions. After all, if it's justified on the one side to prepare and protect themselves, it's reasonable to assume that the same applies to those receiving the blows of highly trained police. Simple protective gear like helmets, assorted sport padding on forearms, kidney and lower back regions, knee guards, shin pads, heavy gloves (all acquired at minimum expense) could prevent severe injury, also making it harder to get to those pressure points they always seem to go for. Not to forget the face covering, balaclava, scarves or masks, a very good defence against video evidence. It will also be necessary for medical teams to get people who are injured out and carry bottles of eyewash in case of teargas attack.

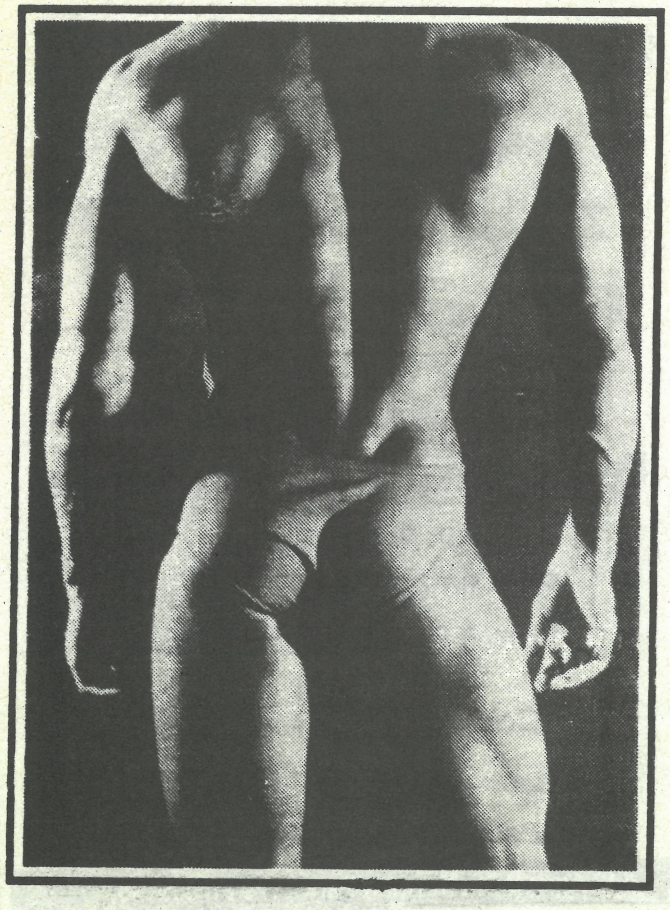
The police tactic of justification has started, as we have seen at AIDEX. Police provoking people to re-act violently and running them to the edge, not only at planned actions but also around town, witch-hunts take place, raids on private households, clubs and known hangouts ect. Pushing people that one step closer towards "Justification".

The day will come when fully outfitted riot police will carry out charges and action co-ordinators have to be aware of this and act accordingly, encouraging participants to protect themselves to avoid mass injury and panic during a hostile situation. But remembering that the cards are in their hands always confusing police and keeping one step ahead whilst being on the lookout for police instigators on *both* sides of the fence.

They can be beaten. Good Luck.

Militants at the Shell Gate..These guys are really serious said the reporter from 2SER.

# GET YOUR KICKS



I had been unemployed for some time, and like many people in my profession I sometimes take on a variety of work undesirable to the status quo. My sister, concerned with my dilemma, told me of a lucrative but shady proposition as a male striptease artist at a notorious nightclub which was catering for an all female clientele. Every Tuesday night was billed as "Ladies Night".

I had danced professionally only once before with the state company as dance chorus/understudy in a Broadway musical. While out of work, I had kept up with my dance classes in jazz, contemporary, and classical ballet, and so my dancing and body were in reasonable condition. During those languid summer days I had spent my time reading, swimming and sunbaking. Ironically I had just finished reading a book by Honey Bruce called "Honey" about her experiences as a professional stripper and her relationship/marriage with the comedian Lenny Bruce. Her raunchy humour and insight enabled me to distinguish between style and vulgarity in this noble embattled profession.

I had come from a good Catholic background, so my attitude towards my body and nudity was still somewhat repressed in this area of exhibitionism, but my need for the proverbial dollar seemed to outweigh the moral value of my indoctrination. It was the end of a very hot summer, and I still had the remnants of a good tan. I used an old stage trick of applying a fake tan the night before, and once again in the morning to enhance the colour under the harsh lights. Music and costuming had always played an integral part in my performance, so preparations down to the minute detail of costume and choreography were well rewarded on that first night of my tainted introduction to this kind of entertainment.

As I entered the nightclub with my costume over my shoulder, waiters in jock-straps and bow ties were serving drinks, with tips being appropriately placed, and generous smacks and pinches being bestowed on their bottoms. It was a smoke filled venue with an audience capacity of twelve hundred and of a basic stage design design suitable for rock bands with a dance area of sprung floorboards. The dressing room was no larger than a small bedroom stacked with chairs, sporting a fool length mirror, and not enough room to be shared between four male strippers throughout the evening. My first performance was received with complimentary acclaim and I was paid the agreed sum and given an assurance of regular work in following weeks.

A compere would introduce the strippers throughout the evening, and tell a variety of crude, tacky jokes, and would give out prizes of phallic shaped chocolates, lingerie and sex toys to women who were celebrating their engagement, a hens night, a girls night out, divorce, and just about any excuse to gossip and malign the opposite sex. While the other strippers would seek out the pretty girls to participate in undressing them, and were performing cliched macho stereotypes in hard hats while stripping to the Village People, my strategy was geared to breaking away from these stereotypes. Keeping in line with a personal belief in sensuality and sensitivity, my choice in music was varied, using such works as Thomas Dalby's "Hyperactive", and going into Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing"

By targeting older women, big women and women who didn't fall into any stereotype, I could win support for my act and them, creating a wonderful reaction in which the majority of women could identify with each other.

At one time I invited a large woman up to dance, who had a warm and humorous personality. I asked her to sit on my lap as I went through a role play with her. She fell back on top of me and all that the audience could see of me was my arms and legs waving frantically as I tried to regain composure and breath.

When I started we were told that we were not to expose our genitalia as there was an "indecent exposure" Act, and lurking in the darkness could well be an undercover detective. As the weeks went by, the manager hinted to the performers that it would be all right if we flashed, revealing all. There was no increase of fee, and no guarantee of salvation if we got busted, so how I dealt with this was by ingeniously incorporating a hat so when I was removing my jock-strap, I would cover my genitalia with my hand, and then adroitly switched it with my hat.

This, of course, was one of many requests and hassles that occurred as the weeks went by, and having to go in there became an ordeal. Finally something happened that made me resign. I had just finished an exhausting performance to an unappreciative audience, and returning to the dressing room, naked and clutching my costume, sweating and panting, I heard, like an echo, panting in return. A waiter was fucking a woman with her dress hitched up over her hips, his small buttocks moving rhythmically to the distant sound of the pounding music, their concentration undisturbed by my tactful protest.

I left, as I had arrived, in a yellow taxi that over the weeks had taken me there and back. All told I had spent only one hour there each week for approximately three months. As I stepped into the taxi it became apparent that it had just rained, and a distinct sea breeze was present. The streets were awash with the neon reflections and the multi-coloured billboards whizzed by. I couldn't help pondering how over-rated love and sex was.

Chris Maver


Permaculture

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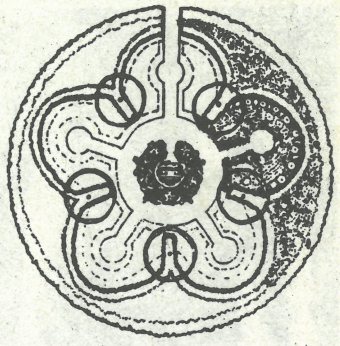

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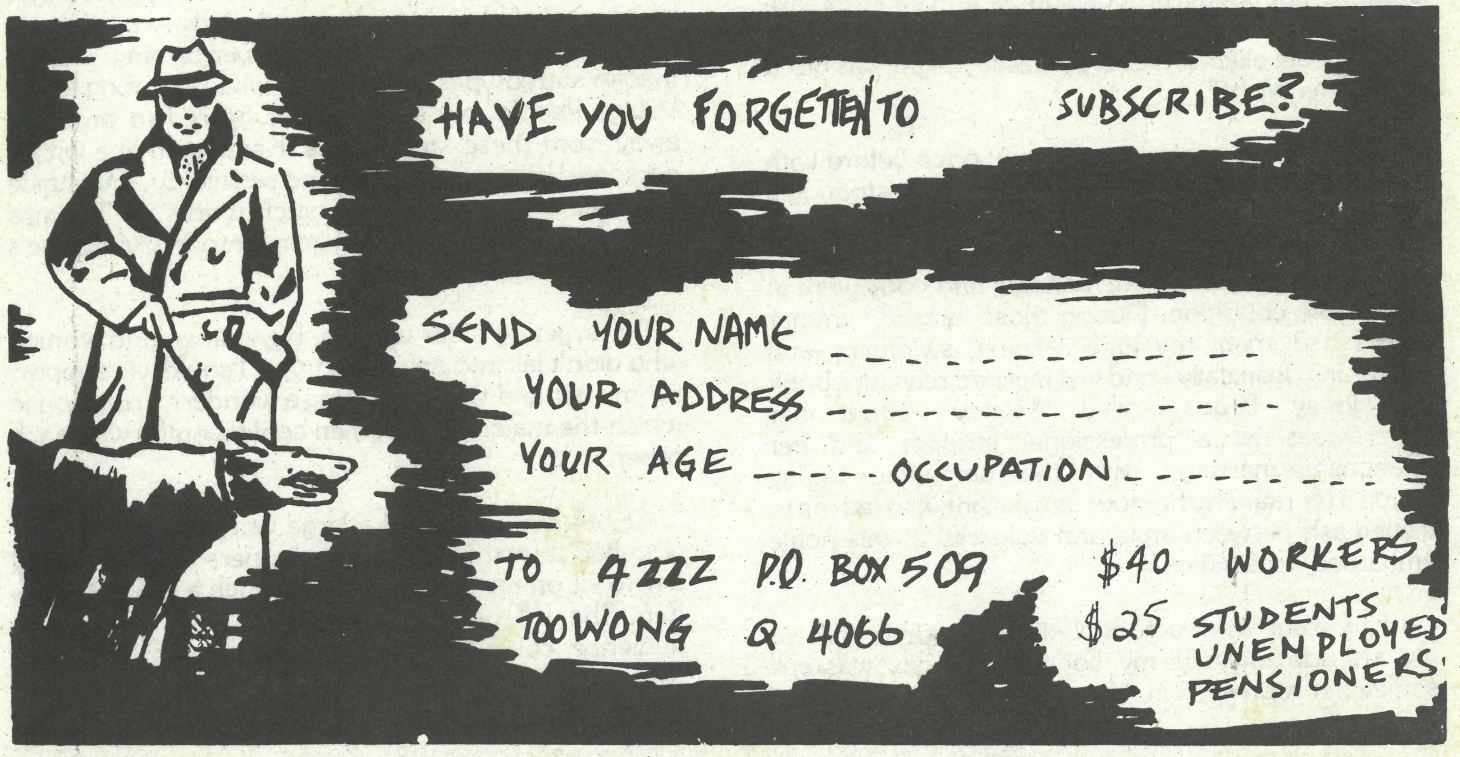
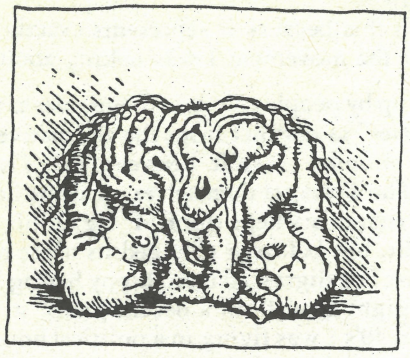


# uncle Fats



# remembers

Yer ole unckle Fats tends to get kinda steamed up if anyone ever accuses him of being a hippy. I mighta been around about that long, and been to my fair share of anti-war demos, and had some fairly impressive unhaircuts in my time too. But I sure ain't never been no star gazing mantra chanting good vibe head space it's cool don't hassle me man goddam fucking hippie!

So poor ole unckle Fats can only shake his head and feel very sad indeed when he sees a new wave of feral hippies running around under foot everywhere.

Sure is a lot of nostalgia for the sixties going on out there. The psychedelia is brighter than ever, and the flares wider. Ah, the dictates of fashion! There was a period of a year there in the early 70's when the only jeans you could buy were flares. Freedom of choice! Ain't no way I'll ever be caught dead in flares again.

So while everybody's busy rummaging through the second hand box to find some groovy threads, a new hit single or some newer than new new age consciousness, I just can't get a line from an old Bobby Zimmerman song out of my head like an old ad jingle turned sour - "what do I have to do to keep from going through all of these things twice". Now unckle Fats would like to make one thing abundantly clear - he is not and never has been anti-fun. A groovy tune or two and a few sucks on the ole saucebottle and he's well and truly in his element. He's even been known to stare profoundly at the kitchen walls at four in the morning when the mood strikes him.

No, the thing that really gets me going about the hippy trip is the cosmic bulldust.

Back in the 60's, a group of US anti-war activists, including hard core yippie Abbie Hoffman, decided they were going to exorcise the Pentagon. So they spread the word that they were going to surround the Pentagon and put a hex on it and levitate it off the ground. Much to their amazement some cosmics turned up to one of their organizing meetings, with a Mexican shaman in tow, and confidently declared that they could perform the feat. Anyway Abbie and the rest of them decided to go with the flow. As Abbie said later, we got the photograph we wanted, and if you look closely, the Pentagon did rise a few feet off the ground.

What Hoffman and the radicals wanted, of course, was a photo of the naked power of thousands of police surrounding the Pentagon, defending it against angry American people, and bringing the political struggle over the Vietnam war back to the heart of the beast. They got what they wanted. But with the cosmics they got more than they bargained for too. It certainly didn't hurt that one demonstration, but the incident sure says a lot about the 60's and the direction they were heading in.

Things weren't all that different here, though on a smaller scale, and a year or two later, which is just as well for me, since I was stuck in school in the 60's. However on graduating to the big kids' school I flung myself diligently into my extra-curricular activities. There was plenty of scope, as that was the year that the first anti-Vietnam war moratorium marches were held in this country.

My own confusion about my political beliefs can be judged by the fact that I carried a pacifist flag in the first moratorium march, a black flag in the second and an NLF flag in the third and last in 1971. Even at that time I felt a bit uneasy about the NLF flag. I supported the right of the Vietnamese people to fight back with arms, but I wasn't exactly a supporter of unckle Ho. Lots of people did support him, though. The NLF wasn't the North Vietnamese government, but it was pretty obvious who had control. The chant of the day was "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Dare to struggle, dare to win", followed immediately by "One side right, one side wrong, Victory to the Viet Cong".

This whole one side right, one side wrong line popped up again during the Gulf war, with some of the marxist groups arguing that we had to support Saddam Hussein's government because it was fighting the great evil, US imperialism. Sophisticated and progressive thinking, that.

Anyway, the rads of the early 70's were a confused and erratic bunch, a real rabble. The movement at that time centred around the Vietnam war. People were pretty clear about what they were against. This included going and getting shot at personally, and the reign of terror in the countryside, with the US bombing it back into the stone age, or defoliating it into the post-industrial future.

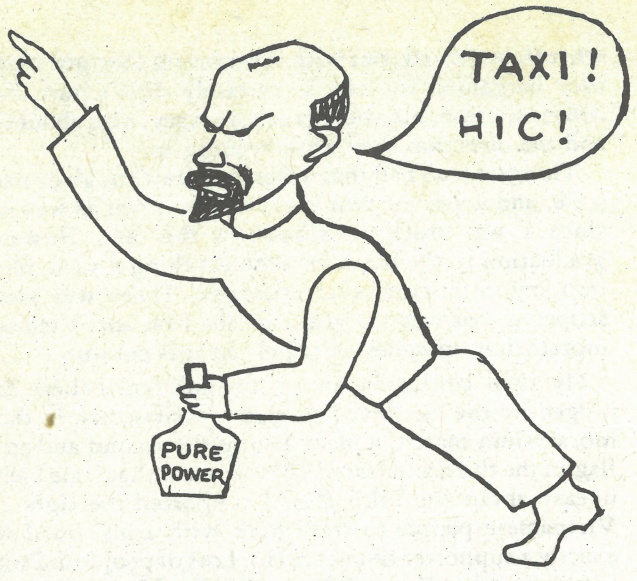
The Vietnam war brought home a lot of harsh political lessons to the generation of the late 60's and early 70's. Here in Brisbane, as elsewhere, the issue of civil liberties and the right to protest without being assaulted by police became a major issue.

But student activists opposing the war were brought face to face with another basic reality. The war wasn't just being fought over there. More than half the money being spent on research right across the board was being spent on military research, and almost every university in the western world was in it up to their eyeballs. This hasn't changed much today - during the great star wars hype UQ got in on the act by building the biggest wind tunnel in the world while ANU was busy working on the world's biggest, best railgun.

To the horror of us uni rads, it seemed like we were all implicated, that we were part of a culture that was rotten to the core. Perhaps this explains why one of the big radical ideas of the time was that of the counter-culture.

Now the whole "alternative" new age schtick had its roots in this counter-culture idea, so I guess it's got a fair bit to answer for. But the basic idea wasn't all that bad - to set up a separate culture apart from but within the existing one by doing and thinking the things a new culture should dtand for, until this counter-culture gathers steam to the point where it's taking over from the old one. But can you ever be "apart" from the mainstream, or challenge the prevailing order without confronting it head on at some stage? These questions aren't as simple as they seem, but they were exactly the sort of thing us rads used to agonise about at the time.

The biggest problem with the counter-culture was that it mostly tended to reduce down to a question of lifestyle, with the emphasis on style. Setting up food co-ops or ecology action groups were positive moves, even though the latter had pretty narrow views on political action, based mostly on people like Ralph Nader, the crusading American liberal.




But a lot of it came down to whether you were cool or square. I remember one forum at UQ, where, in the middle of a heated debate about students being expelled for their involvement in an earlier campus protest against the war, a hippie got up on the platform and held the speaker of his ghetto blaster up to the microphone. He didn't say anything, he didn't have to. The message was clear. Why bother about expulsions and anti-war demos and the rest? Turn on, tune in, drop out. Salvation through rock and roll and acid.

Well I've always been pretty keen on rock myself, and even some of my fellow musicians have been known to remind me that there's an 8 on the dial, or even a 7, but as for rock music causing a fundamental change in our culture, this remains one of the great delusions of a generation. It goes with the one about acid, mushrooms and pot lifting you to a higher transcendent form of consciousness which will change you and the world for the better.

I did see mushrooms turn one hard core rad into a wide eyed Jesus freak with bad kidneys, though lots of former freaks have resurfaced in recent years as 100% normal pillars of the community. The songs of the 60's that were going to change the world can now be heard on TV offering to change your complexion for the better.

When the Whitlam government was elected, the mass movement against the Vietnam war evaporated, and with it most of the flashes of consciousness about a new, better world, as quickly as if it had been yesterday's acid trip. In a way the political scene was more confused than ever. For some people it was all over, simple as that. They, or their brothers lovers or sons weren't going to get sent off to be shot, so there was nothing more to worry about. The war was once again safely over there.

For those who were still politically active, most of them were jumping into bed with the Labor Party as quickly as possible. Mostly this left the counter-culturalists and cosmics on one hand and the "serious revolutionaries" on the other.

"Serious revolutionary" basically of course means adherant to some vanguard party cult or other. The only exception to this was those of us who were in an organized anarchist group at the time, the Self-Management Group. I can tell you that being a serious anarchist wasn't exactly a ticket to popularity at the time. To the hippies we were just another mob into that heavy political trip, man. To the party liners we were petty bourgeois individualist traitors to the proletarian cause.

Some people might be wondering what the title of this magazine is about. I'm not too sure myself - I think I was drunk when we came up with it. In fact, I think we all were. But if there's anything to gloat about in recent times, it's been the sight of 20 metre metal monstrosities in the iconic image of Vladimir Illich Ulyanov assuming a prone position before being carted off for scrap.

One thing a lot of people don't know about the local scene, or prefer to forget, is that every Trotskyist and every anarchist organization in Brisbane can trace its roots back to the same organization - the Revolutionary Socialist Party, formed in 1970.

I mention this because it represents exactly the sorts of divisions in the movement I was talking about earlier.

It was set up by people who saw themselves as the "serious revolutionaries" as distinct from the alternative rad rabble. Within six months it split between the Trots and the anarchists. The Trots set themselves up as the Labor Action Group, tha anarchists kept the RSP tag. I joined the RSP after the split, but before it changed its name to the SMG. And now that I've digressed from hippy hating into bolshie bashing, I might as well do a decent job of it.

In the mid 70's I was living in a political household with some fellow anarchists and a woman who was a Trot. Us anarchists used to be fond of a social smoke or two, but for the party members it was vorboten.

At some stage or another, every single one of the half a dozen regular Trot visitors to that household would join in the circle, and while puffing away furiously, would dart furtive glances at doors and windows, while muttering "you won't tell the others, will you? All of this caused much hilarity amongst us anarchs, but what was more amusing was that in a frantic bout of purges around about that time, the most common crime against the party was smoking pot. And yes, some of the chief accusers were our errant guests.

Now, I could surely point to bigger crimes against the movement than this. But what stil fascinates yer unckle Fats about this little episode was the classic way in which these people as a group were repressing each other from doing what they all individually wanted to do.

Ah, public and private morality! It makes you wonder about the current government. How many MP's and ministers even, many of whom are about my age, have smoked pot in their time, or perhaps even still do occasionally? I don't remember hearing a single one of them speak up about changing the laws. Oh well, no hypocrisy is too great to maintain public office.

Any the party line has fallen on hard times lately, and that is something to gloat about. But I doubt that we've seen the last of it - new age Leninism is just around the corner.

What bothers me of course, is that while the world is going to hell in a handbasket, we seem to be going nowhere fast.

And with the sun, sans ozone layer, frying my brain, I certainly don't want to be told it's all in my head. Nor do I want to wait for the correct objective socio-economic conditions to do something about it.

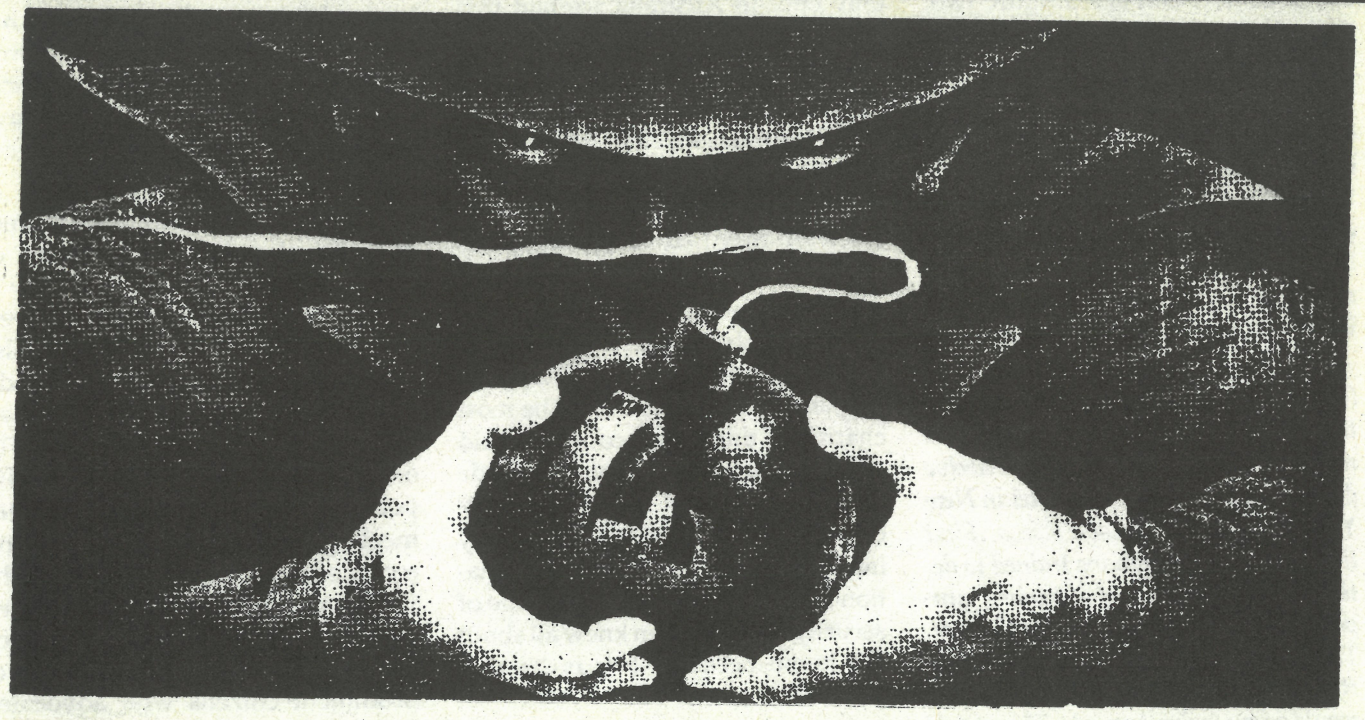
I should point out that back in the early 70's when some of us rads were going on about the ozone layer we were treated like we were complete loonies. We were right. Gloat, gloat. Now everyone's a greenie, they even teach it in primary school. Problem is, no one's doing anything about it - except for a handful of crazy radical greenie ratbags (and half of them are hippies -argh!)

We were right about nuclear power, too. Lets have a real good gloat about Chernobyl while we're at it. And now the Australian government is talking about selling uranium to Indonesia.

Poor ole unckle Fats. If he thinks too much about these things his head hurts, and his thoughts go all scattered, like the way they've gone lurching and spattering across these pages. I'd better stop now. But if you see yer ole unckle Fats lounging around the kitchen at some party please pass the saucebottle his way and offer him some solace and amnesia. But don't ask him what his star sign is - he might turn right surly.

**unckle Fats**

# The Hilton Operation



For Constable Terry Griffiths, the worst thing about the Hilton bombing was that the blast did not render him unconscious. His intelligence recorded it all: the bright orange flash; the sound of glass shattering all down George Street; the flying shrapnel; the cries of the maimed; the grimaces on their faces; the pieces of flesh.

Two garbage workers at the back of the council truck were blown apart. One of them, William Favell, was hurled fifty metres through the air. Half a dozen other people were seriously wounded. One, a policeman named Paul Birmistruw, would die ten days later.

Terry Griffiths himself was so horribly injured, he can remember being convinced he was going to die. After an operation that barely saved his life, he woke up to find his large bowel hanging out of his body. He stayed that way for two months. Shrapnel had torn a hole in his foot, ripped open his leg, and punctured his body.

Griffiths wasn't even supposed to have worked that night but the NSW Police Department had cancelled all police leave for the CHOGRM conference.

Griffiths arrived at the Hilton Hotel sometime after 11PM on 12 February 1978. The shift seemed routine. The only unusual thing was the overflowing rubbish bin outside the hotel. The police joked about how odd it looked to have all this rubbish lying around on the ground outside a luxury Hotel which was hosting such an important gathering of Commonwealth leaders.

It was only when he began his own investigation into the Hilton bombing that Terry Griffiths came to realise that the overflowing rubbish bin was no joke. Two earlier shifts of garbage workers had been prevented from emptying the bin. Someone connected with the security operation for the Hilton knew there was a bomb in the bin.

For fourteen dogged years, Terry Griffiths has campaigned for a royal commission into the Hilton bombing. In that time he has witnessed an endless procession of cover-up and frame-ups. But now Terry Griffiths is closer to his goal than he has ever been.

On December 9, NSW parliament unanimously called for a royal commission into the Hilton. The resolution was moved by the shadow Attorney-General, Paul Whelan, and supported by the Attorney-General, Peter Collins, and the Independent, Mr. John Hatton. Emphasising the need for a royal commission, the three men held a joint news conference, at which John Hatton said it was reasonable to suspect that ASIO had planted the bomb. Now only the Federal Attorney-General, Michael Duffy, stands in the way of a royal commission.

### Bungle or Conspiracy?

The morning after the bombing, Superintendent Douglas, the NSW police man in charge of the operation, was asked why the bin was not searched. He replied "I did not think it was necessary." He said that NSW police had been sent overseas to train in anti-terrorist tactics, but had not been considered necessary to search the bins.

As an ex-NSW police officer, Terry Griffiths finds these comments incredible. The bin with the bomb in it was in one of the most sensitive security areas; it stood only a few metres away from the spot where Malcolm Fraser officially welcomed every head of state. On the 18 November 1972 NSW police permanent circular number 135 was released. The subject: *Instruction for the Guidance of Police Dealing with Bomb Threats and the Discovery of Explosives or Suspected*

*Explosive Devices*. This outlined official NSW police procedure for dealing with bombs. Not only does this give prominence to searching rubbish bins, but on page 3 figure two, centre left, there is a conspicuous drawing of a rubbish bin.

If NSW police received overseas training in anti-terrorist tactics, it certainly wasn't from the New York Police Department. A journalist called Graham Beaton interviewed Inspector Howe of New York's bomb squad on the 14 February 1979 in the Daily Mirror. The inspector said:

*"Bins would be at the top of our search list. And we would send in the dogs. If they didn't have dogs in Sydney, I feel rather sorry for them. If we had twelve dignitaries staying in one Hotel in New York, we would organise a sweep. First the sniffer dogs, Alsatians trained to detect the slightest trace of dynamite, gunpowder, etc. would go through the area. Then they would go through it again. Rubbish bins would be top of our list. In would go our lookout squads. They would be posted around the building so no one without a special pass could get in. They would be posted round the hotel — in the lift well, on top of the building, and at every door. We would also have a lookout outside perhaps looking from across the road. Then we would send in the dogs again. They're wonderful in this kind of work. We wouldn't be without them."*

Inspector Howe's comments about the importance of sniffer dog teams underlines another concern about the security operation outside the Hilton Hotel. Terry Griffiths has a letter from the ex-corporal in charge of the Dog wing, Keith Burley. In that letter Keith Burley states:

*"Approximately two weeks prior to the Hilton, the operational squad (that is the sniffer dog team) was placed on standby for the CHOGRM conference. We were told specifically to train the dogs on such things as letter bombs and parcel bombs. . . . We trained specifically for this task for two weeks. On the Thursday before the Hilton Bombing we received information at the kennels saying we were no longer required. This we thought was unusual to say the least. We attempted to find out why, but were unable to determine where the cancellation came from."*

"Those dogs were so finely trained," says Terry Griffiths, "they could have found a 303 shell a foot under the ground. From the point of view of a victim, the fact that they were taken away is an absolute scandal. Because those dogs were the only ones in Australia we had that could have detected explosive material, and they were withdrawn."

"I say as a victim that those dogs being withdrawn was the reason people were killed and injured. Had those dogs been allowed to carry out the work they had been trained for, the bomb would have been found."

The bin that exploded not searched. It was the only bin in Sydney that was not emptied that weekend. The sniffer dog teams were called off. The most charitable thing that could be said about the security operation outside the Hilton for the CHOGRM conference was that it was unbelievably incompetent. A more likely explanation is that whoever was in charge of security for the Hilton knew all about the bomb because they ordered it placed there.

### The Hilton Operation Begins

There has always been a strong suspicion that ASIO were involved in the Hilton Bombing. To understand the reasons for this suspicion it is necessary to understand the crucial significance of the Hilton Bombing in the development of Australia's political police — ASIO, the State Special Branches and the military intelligence groups.

Throughout the Cold War, the political police in Australia had seen their role as being concerned with the surveillance of subversives. As opposition to the Vietnam War grew, the political police were used extensively against the growing anti-Vietnam movement. In turn, this mass movement saw the political police as a major threat to Australian democracy. The Campaign against Political Police was born out of the Vietnam Moratorium movement. This campaign reached its climax in February 1978 when a series of extraordinary political upheavals confronted Australia's political police with the gravest crisis in their history. At this time, the Hilton Bombing provided the means whereby the Australian political police redefined their role from being anti-subversive to being anti-terrorist.

In November 1977, Don Dunstan, the Premier of South Australia, asked Justice White to investigate the nature and extent of security records kept by that state's Special Branch. The release of this report would have catastrophic repercussions for security police throughout Australia.

The report demonstrated the extent of political police surveillance of 'subversives'. More importantly it showed that this concept of 'subversive' was extraordinarily broad. Files were maintained on all ALP candidates and elected members; on all members and activities of the ACTU; on demonstrators and participants in peace movements (even prayer meetings for peace were watched and recorded); and on all members of the South Australian Council for Civil Liberties. Long before the Council was formed, the public utterances of prominent citizens who advocated any form of civil rights and liberties were recorded and indexed.

In all, files had been established and built up on a staggering 40,000 people.

According to Justice White, the concept of "subversive" covered everyone with opinions to the left of an arbitrary centre point chosen by someone in Special Branch. Justice White continued: "I have no doubt that the arbitrary centre point was established by Special Branch with the assistance of ASIO."

Another aspect that disturbed Justice White was Special Branch's complete lack of skill in intelligence gathering. They collected gossip and rumours, and after a while this gossip became accepted as fact. Justice White referred to the files as " a mass of records . . . relating to matters, organisations, and persons having no connection with genuine security risks . . . material which I know to be inaccurate, and sometimes scandalously inaccurate, appears in some dossiers."

The South Australian Commissioner of Police, Harold Salisbury, strongly urged that the Government not publish Justice White's report as the effects of publication would be 'volcanic' with ramifications that would extend to all state Special Branches, ASIO, and foreign intelli-

gence sources. However, on 17 January 1978, Don Dunstan sacked Police Commissioner, Salisbury for misleading him on the extent of Special Branch files, and published the report. This event, one month before the Hilton bombing, sent the intelligence community into convulsions.

On the same day, Dunstan wrote to Prime Minister Fraser to tell him that South Australian police would no longer act as intermediaries for ASIO. All but two of South Australia's Special Branch were transferred to other units, and those two were retained to help with the destruction of all records that were not to do with genuine security risks.

The ramifications of these events were exactly as the sacked Police Commissioner Harold Salisbury had predicted: they shook the secret police in Australia as no other events had. On 20 January , the West Australian opposition called for an Inquiry into its Special Branch, and the next day, the Melbourne Age echoed this concern editorially. In an editorial on 19 January 1978, the A'ustralian commented on the South Australian affair:

*"It is the size of the surveillance that is disturbing . . . Clearly the latitude given to Special Branch has been immense. It is worthy of a banana republic. It is not worthy of an Australian state."*

The issue had assumed such importance that in the week following Salisbury's sacking, The National Times devoted a special issue to the South Australian controversy and the role of the Special Branches in Australian politics. It was called *The Political Police - The Extraordinary and Disturbing Behaviour of our Special Branch Police.*

Federally, ASIO was now embroiled within the burgeoning crisis; there were calls for it to destroy all files no longer relevant to security; and federal cabinet decided to appoint a committee to investigate the relationship between ASIO and the state Special Branches. Strong laws were proposed to curb ASIO's excesses.

The Special Branch controversy widened to include New South Wales, when Don Dunstan detailed an episode that revealed that ASIO files had been given to the Leader of the Opposition in New South Wales, Peter Coleman. A Sydney journalist claimed that ASIO files on five prominent left-wingers had been made available to him by Coleman in 1971. These files were to be used in a magazine called The Analysis which was to prepare articles on the basis of information supplied by ASIO to discredit radical individuals, in particular members of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee. One of the files had been prepared by South Australian Special Branch for purely political purposes.

This seemed to be a damming example of the political misuse of intelligence information: Secret Police files were to be used as a party political weapon. It confirmed deeply held left-wing and ALP fears that the secret police were a secret arm of the conservative parties.

The Privacy Committee of the NSW parliament began examining the files of NSW's Special Branch on Jan 23. On February 9 (four days before the Hilton Bombing) Premier Neville Wran announced that a judicial inquiry would be held into the links between NSW Special Branch and ASIO, and also into the connection between them and the leader of the Opposition in New South Wales, Peter Coleman. The inquiry was to investigate the allegations that Coleman was involved with a scheme to use ASIO documents to discredit people. It threatened to become a major political scandal. The establishment of this Inquiry was due to be announced on February 14, the day after the Hilton Bombing.

Feb 9 was also the day that the sniffer dog squad was called off. It seems it was at this stage that the Hilton Operation began. Someone very high up in the security forces decided that the political police could rescue their position with a publicity stunt. A bomb was going to be found in a rubbish bin outside the CHOGRM conference at the Hilton Hotel. It was to be planted Saturday morning before the heads of state arrived. It would be discovered after a warning phone call on Monday morning. The press were to be alerted. Wran's Inquiry into the relationship between Special Branch and Peter Coleman would procede amidst a blaze of pro-Special Branch publicity. All that had to be done was to keep people away from the garbage bin for two days.

***It seems it was at this stage that the Hilton Operation began. Some very senior members of the security forces decided that the political police could rescue their position with a publicity stunt. A bomb was going to be found in a rubbish bin outside the CHOGRM conference at the Hilton Hotel. It was to be planted Saturday morning before the heads of state arrived. It would be discovered after a warning phone call on Monday morning. The press were to be alerted. Wran's Inquiry into the relationship between Special Branch and the Leader of the Opposition would procede amidst a blaze of pro-Special Branch publicity.***

### The Warning Phone Call

The Hilton Operation ran strictly according to plan up until 12.30AM on the Monday morning. Two garbage pick-ups were prevented by the NSW police. Another garbage collection was

due at 1AM Monday morning. At 12.30AM the warning phone call was made. (Terry Griffiths says another police officer told him the warning phone call was made by a Sergeant in Special Branch who had been observing the scene outside the Hilton in a red torana, a police observation car.) The warning phone caller rang the police switchboard and asked to speak to Special Branch. It was 12.30AM Monday morning. Normally, Special Branch would not be there at that hour. However, the phone caller seemed to believe they would be. (Indeed, having failed to reach Special Branch at 12.30 he back an hour later at 1.30AM and again asked to speak to Special Branch again.)

The phone rang a few times, and then the police telephonist transferred the call to the sergeant in charge of the CIB, Cec Streetfield. The Hilton Operation had begun to unravel.

What Streetfield did on being informed of the bomb, is one of the mysteries of the Hilton. Why he did not do is notorious: he did not warn the police outside the Hilton over the police radio. Streetfield testified before the Hilton Inquest in 1982, where, according to Terry Griffiths, he told a pack of lies. According to Streetfield, the phone caller said: "Dere is a bomb in der bin outside der Hilton Hotel." The phone caller then rang the Sydney Morning Herald and told them they might be interested in what was about to happen outside the Hilton Hotel.

The Hilton Operation continued to fall apart. The garbage collection truck was running twenty minutes early that night. They arrived outside the Hilton at 12.40AM.

### The Hilton Fallout

The blast transformed the Australian political climate in favour of Prime Minister Fraser's beliefs in strong security measures against the softer 'civil liberties' line adopted by Wran and Don Dunstan. The public debate over security matters would be now totally overshadowed by the psychology of terror and terrorist danger.

The newspaper headlines, which for the past month had been taken up with the Special Branch issue, were now dominated by the Terrorist Threat. Images of sinister, hooded men in balaclavas - the 'terrorists' - stared from newspaper pages.

The Hilton Hotel bombing was 'a political baptism', the papers declared. Terrorism (the 'Cowardly killer that knows no innocents') had "come to Sydney". The Sydney Morning Herald said, " Australia this week had a new and shocking experience. It was our first full taste of Twentieth Century terrorism." The Herald declared the Hilton Hotel Bombing an 'ugly new dimension' in 'reckless political violence'. The day after the Bombing, the leader of the Country Party in New South Wales, Mr. Punch, called for a widening of the powers of Special Branch. "Terrorism in Australia is now a fact of life" conceded Neville Wran.

For the political police, the newspaper beat-up of the Terrorist Threat was an amazing transformation in their political fortunes. In the aftermath of the bombing both Wran and Dunstan backed away from their decisions to investigate the links between ASIO and Special Branch and retreated from their threats to abolish Special Branch. In both cases, the bombing was a major factor. Wran announced he would not proceed with the inquiry to investigate the links between ASIO and the leader of the Opposition, Peter Coleman. The Canberra Times reported Malcolm Fraser had pressured Wran to abandon the inquiry "in the light of the bombing". Dunstan decided to maintain his state's Special Branch, claiming that tragedies like the Sydney bombing established the need for a genuine security branch.

A damaging chain reaction had been aborted. The attacks on Special Branches were stopped. ASIO stocks, which were at an all time low, before the bombing, rose dramatically. Three weeks after the bombing, a new bill was tabled that gave ASIO vastly increased powers. ASIO's new powers included the interception of mail, telegrams and telexes; the use of bugging devices; legal break-ins and searches. Disclosure of ASIO agents identities was to become a criminal offence. ASIO's illegal violation of rights were to become legal violations of rights. ASIO's budget was increased from $9 million to $12 million.

In this regard, the Hilton Operation was an unqualified success. But something had gone incredibly wrong. Three people had been killed.

### Unanswered Questions

"There are many questions that have been asked for thirteen and a half years," says Terry Griffiths, "and they have been officially avoided. We would like to find out who was the person who told police to wave the garbage men on. As a policeman and a victim I would like to know why permanent circular 135 of 1972 was not adhered to. Why wasn't the rubbish bin searched? Why wasn't that area — which was top security — constantly combed by the security forces? Why were the military — in particular the Dog Squad — not where they should have been? Why were they withdrawn?"

"It seems that the normal routine anti-terrorist procedures were not followed."

Was the Hilton Bombing the result of a remarkable series of bungles and coincidences? Terry Griffiths believes not. He believes there is a simple explanation for why the Dog Squad were called off; why the bin was not searched; why the garbage trucks were waved away. Security forces involved with the operation knew there was a bomb in the bin. It was going to be discovered just before the garbage collection arrived. That was the purpose of the warning call.

"Who are the people who cancelled the dog squad? Why haven't we been able to subpoena key personal like Superintendent Douglas to give evidence at any previous court case. They are the people we should start questioning first. These things have never been brought into evidence. We have had all this stupidity about Ananda Marga, and yet we don't even know what type of explosives were used in the bombing. "

"We have always had somebody who is charged, convicted and then freed - made the patsy for it. It doesn't gel with me. In my opinion it was a media event that went wrong, and there is more than enough evidence to suggest that members of our own security force were responsible for the bombing."

**— John Jiggens**

*John Jiggens is the author of the book about the Hilton* ***The Incredible Exploding Man.***

# avantgardespeak

Jargon, native or imported, is always with us; and in America, both Academe and the art world prefer the French kind, a thick prophylactic against understanding. We are now surfeited with mini-Lacans and mock Foucaults. To write direct prose, lucid and open to comprehension, using common language, is to lose face. You do not make your mark unless you add something to the lake of jargon to whose marshy verge the bleating flocks of post-structuralists go each night to drink, whose waters (bottled for export to the States) well up between Nanterre and the Sorbonne. Language does not clarify; it intimidates. It subjects the reader to a rite of passage and exhorts assent as the price of entry. For the savant's thought is so radically original that ordinary words will not do. Its newness requires neologism, it seeks rupture, over-generalisation, oracular pronouncements and a pervasive note of apocalyptic hype.

ROBERT HUGHES.

Most people get by just fine with plain, common or garden English. All the best novels are written in it. (Or common garden French, Russian, Spanish, etc.) For academics however this just isn't good enough. If you write in the same language as the average slob in the street, how are people going to know you're the proud possessor of a degree?

All occupations have their jargon, a way of excluding outsiders. Academia however has the thickest. What this language does is overwhelm the reader with Greco-Latinate and Germanic bombastics, to take as many words as possible to hide the fact that the writer has little or nothing to say.

It's no surprise that one of the prime sources of this jargon is Marxism. Early apologists for Stalin had to circumlocute mightily in order to gloss over the facts that their boy had the extremely nasty habit of killing rather a lot of people. It sounds much better to refer to "the necessary elimination of opposition" rather than saying "bumping off any son of a bitch that disagrees with me". Doublethink wasn't a fictional invention of Orwell's, he saw far too many of his contemporaries doing amazing verbal contortion acts intended to hide the fact that they were indulging in the slavish licking of Stalin's arse.

There again, whilst effigies of Vladimir Illich are being carted off into obscurity all over Eastern Europe, the last determined bastion of Marxism is, you guessed it, Academia! Of course they are now busy explaining that the Russians etc. all got it wrong anyway, and would have coped much better with expert advice, i.e. theirs. As Mr. Hughes points out the in jargon of today derives from the French, and boy do the French know how to be boring. A nation that can invent mime is capable of anything. The French invariably mistake pomposity and bombastics for profundity. Just glancing through the pages of Sartre is enough to set your head awhirl. The true meaning of existentialism is being forced to read the windy old bag. It's an endurance test imposed on philosophy students, many of whom take years to get over the experience.

But this windy French blag is the modern art-speak; Foucault, Baudrillard and others of their ilk figure prominently on the curriculum of contemporary art schools. Students spend more time having this guff force fed to them than they do learning to paint. It is now no longer enough to just create a work of art. One now has to define and analyse it to the n-th degree. You can see this readily enough at any "contemporary" gallery. There are works on the wall. You know they must be post-modernist because they are completely incomprehensible. But don't panic! All works come complete with catalogue in order to make the incomprehensible unintelligible. The catalogue is all these days, the work a mere appendage.

Some people, most notably Paul Taylor of Art&Text, that Bible of Blag, have argued that art is a science and should be written about accordingly. If novelists wrote the same way art writers do they wouldn't even make it onto the remainder shelf.

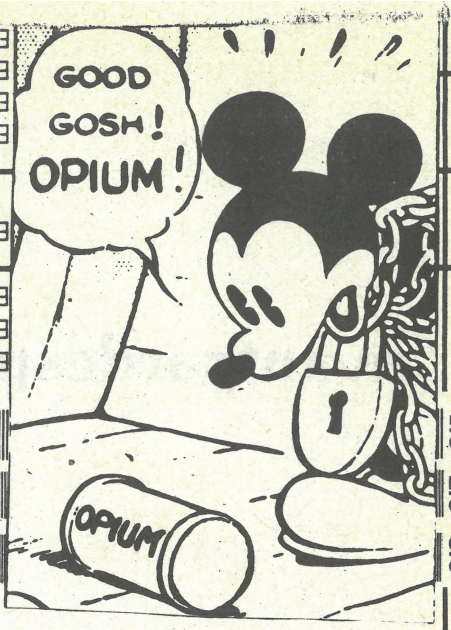
This misuse of language does nothing to promote understanding. All it does is create elitism, arrogance and complacency. The sooner some people realised this a lot happier the rest of us would be.

Shane Kneipp.

Don't
talk of eternals and paths
don't just think about constructing
cages
open your eyes in time to see
paranoia disguised as a rope
routine and its delusions of promises
as an old man begging in the street
If you open your eyes you'll see
the old man making a noose with the rope
and a part of you wishing
to test its strength

Dusan Bojic

# A SCARLET PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE




## POETS LIVE IN NEW FARM

where murders are colorful, drug busts are frequent, and helicopters circle overhead at odd hours. Rub elbows with political giants and social outcasts. Live in wonder and experience the unknown.

CAN I borrow
your 45?
I only need 1 bullet
preferably silver
Hell, if you CAN'T be
interesting
AT LEAST you
CAN be a legend

Dream of the Sycophant
Maybe I'll live like a person
and not like a dog
Waking up and finding out that
you're really attracted to the bone

Rub off the dreams
from your technicolour head
flakes of blue
from the ceiling
above the kitchen light
spiral down and fall
landing on your hawaian shirt
Masquerading on tables
the laminate scenes
Midnight alone
is always out of trend

What's wrong with
subliminal advertising
and subconscious
manipulation?
It's all about
understanding people
wit it?
wit it?
wit it?
wit it?
wit it?

working himself into a paroxysm of *fear* and *loathing*, screaming he was being stalked by the *Great God Cthulu!*

Pool is a game of
Arrogance & Pride
No wonder
that poets
do so well at it

this is the house that poetry built
each line housed, each wall
asbestos lined
20 years down the track
poetry as a poisonous cladding
..and just asdamned insular

hygiene and
trash all over the
*Circle of Chaos.*
Persistence pays!

| MODE. | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| MAG % | 101.2 | 85.0 | 75.0 | 70.7 | 61.5 |
| REG. | 0.506 | 0.425 | 0.375 | 0.354 | 0.308 |

TOLS ±0.030 INS. MEASURED FROM LEAD EDGE TO HORIZONTAL REF.

FIELD USE ONLY

HORIZO

# MANIFESTO

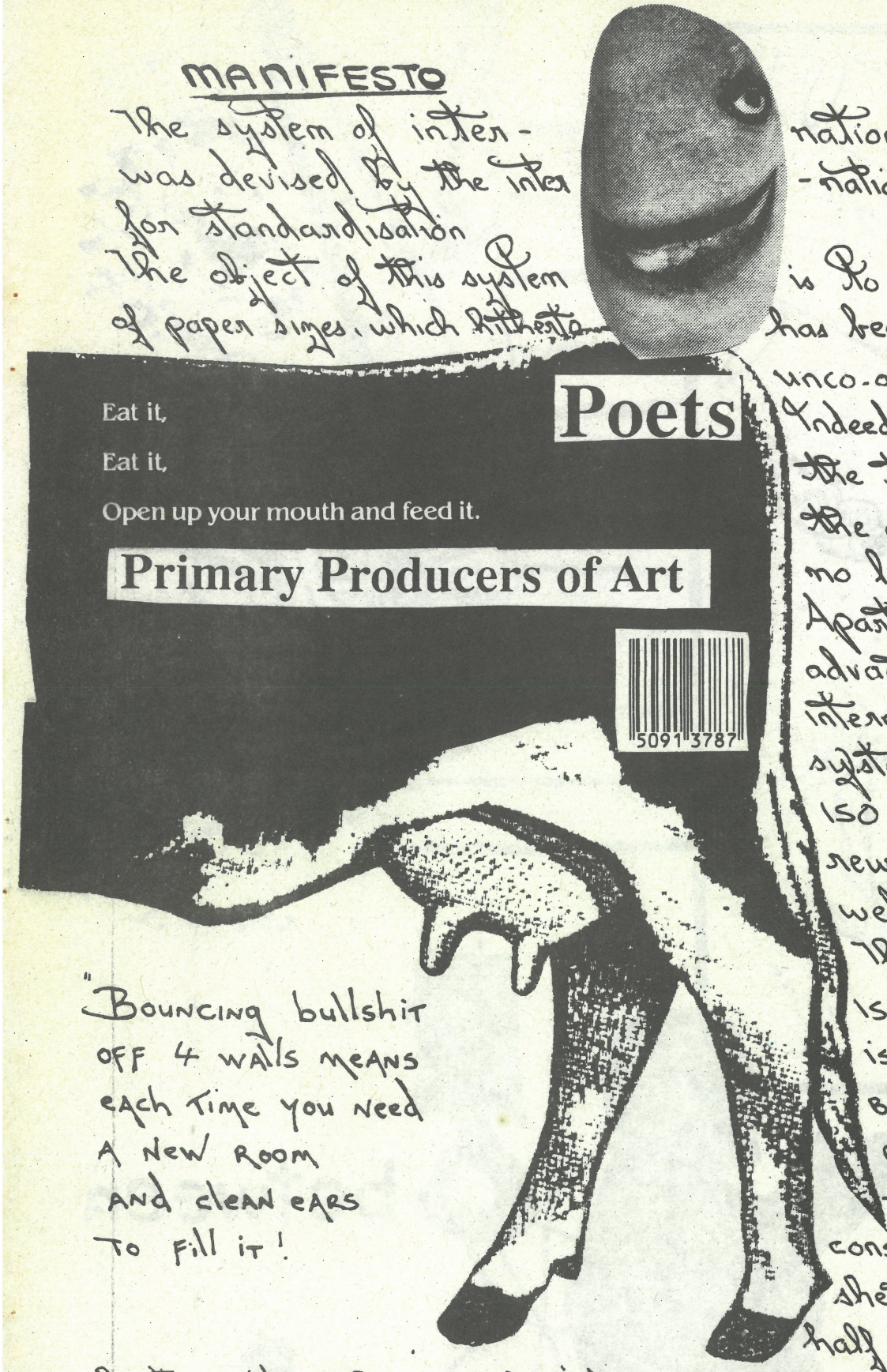
The system of inter-national paper sizes was devised by the inter-national organisation for standardisation

The object of this system is to rationalise the range of paper sizes, which hitherto has been wide and very unco-ordinated

Indeed, for many of the traditional sizes the original reasons are no longer known

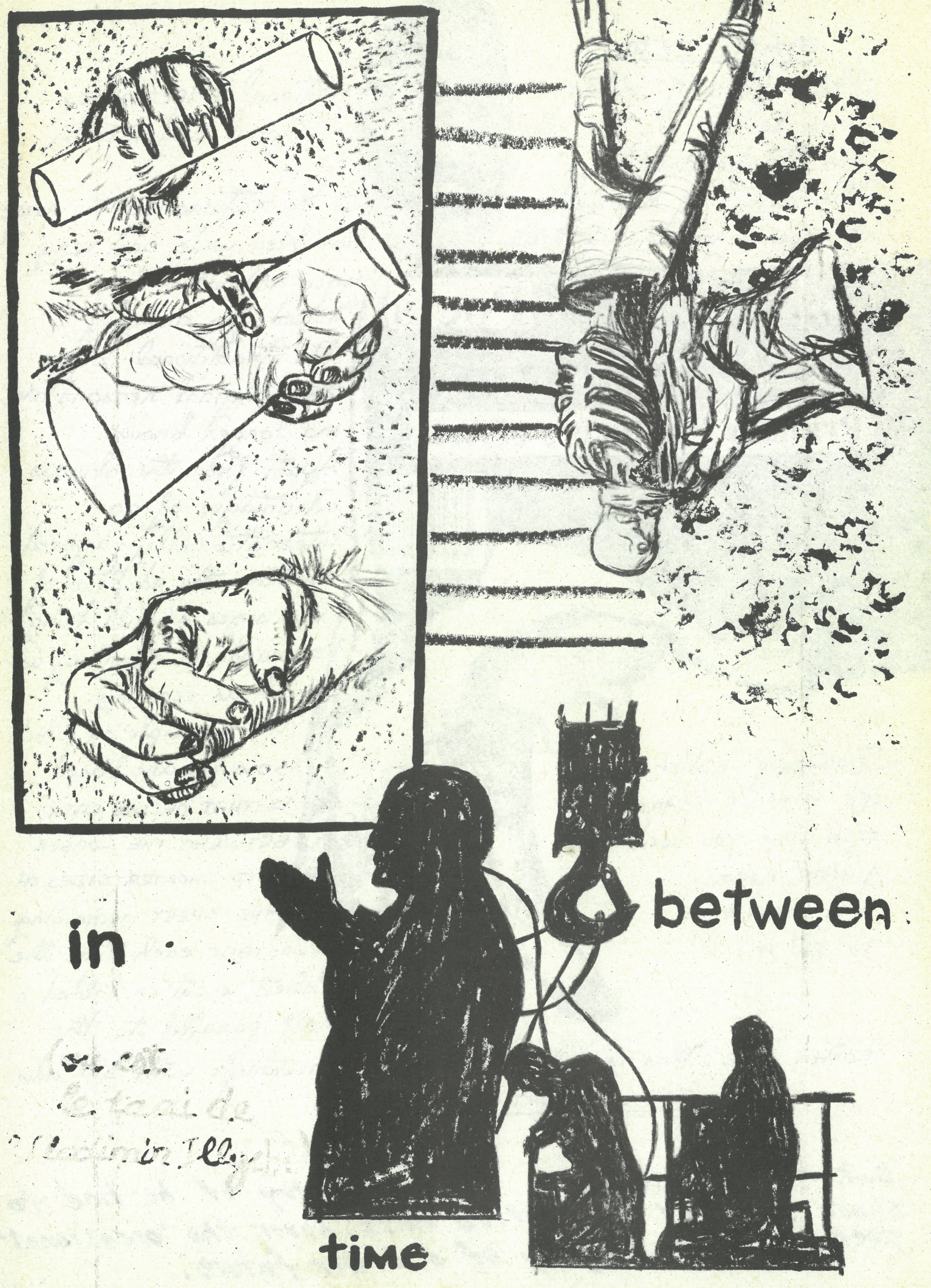
Apart from the obvious advantages of an internationally-agreed system, the adoption of ISO sizes should bring rewards in efficiency as well as economy.

The principle on which ISO sizes are based is THAT OF THE RATIO BETWEEN THE LONGER AND SHORTER SIDES OF THE SHEET remaining CONSTANT each time the sheet is cut or folded in half, parallel to the shorter side. This is achieved by using a rectangle with the sides IN THE PROPORTION $1 : \sqrt{2}$!




"Bouncing bullshit off 4 walls means each time you need A new room And clean ears To fill it!

Bukowski would write sadder poetry if he had to share his bed with two cats, never the 'occasional' poet, and the tragedy of a better future.


in
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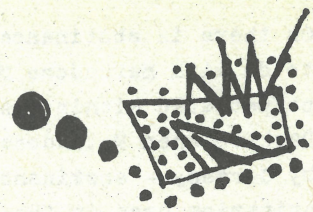
time

# BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A THREAT WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD



METHADONE -Hydrochloride/Physeptone
Also referred to as Dolophine,Adone,Amido-ne,Physeptone,Miadone,Butalgin,Diadone and Polamide.

Methadone was first synthesised by the Germans during World War two as a substitute for Morphine. It is a powerful -l dependance producing analagesic whose effects are longer lasting but less intense than those of Heroin.

The drug was uncovered by an intelligence team of the U.S. Department of Commerce during the course of an investigation of the German Pharmaceutical Industry shortly after the War.(I don't know about you! but this makes me nervous) ...
In 1947 the Council on Drugs of the American Medical Association established "Methadone as the generic term for this compound.

Like most other narcotic analgesics, Methadone quickly leaves the blood and localizes in the lung,liver,kidney and spleen.Only a small fraction of the administered dose passes the blood-brain barrier, the highest levels of concentration in the brain occur about 1 or 2 hours after administration.
Methadone undergoes extensive bio-transformation, chiefly in the liver only 10% of the administered dose is recovered unchanged in the urine and faeces, it also crosses the placental barrier and enters into feotal circulation.Consequently, children of mothers who have been maintained on methadone during their pregancy will have narcotic withdrawal symptoms after birth.

Tolerance to the analgesic, nausea, anorexia,miosis( contraction of the pupils)sedative, respiratory depressant and cardiovascular effects of Methadone developes markedly, but at a slower pace than with Morphine.
Individuals tolerant to methadone will also be tolerant to the action of other narcotic drugs (cross-tolerance).
So if you are on a high dose of methadone (80-100mgs) you will have little or no reaction to a shot of heroin.

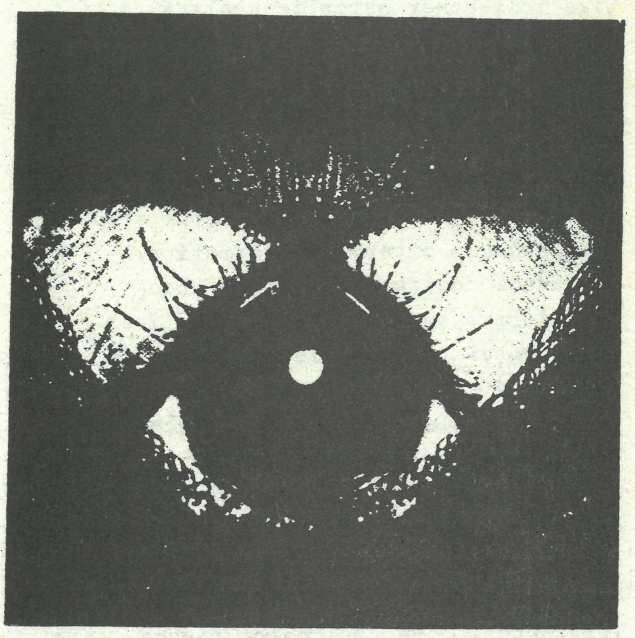
The symptoms of methadone withdrawal generally take longer to appear(8-24hrs after last dose) than those of heroin withdrawal (4-6hrs after last dose).
The peak of symptom intensity in methadone withdrawal is"generally " reached on the 6th day, compared to 1½ - 2 days for morphine and heroin withdrawal. The symptoms subside gradually after the 6th day and are minimal by the 10th day to the 14th day, although the lethargy and anorexia will persist for longer peroids, varying individually- can take 6-12 month-s if not longer. This depends largely on how long you have been taking methadone what dosage you are on.
A medium to low dose 20-50mg seems to make more sense as far as the energy and time it takes to withdraw than a large dose- which can take a long time and a lot of energy that has been depleted .
Methadone cannot prevent heroin use in a person who wants to use heroin, it can only facilitate a behavoir change in people who have made a concious decision to change.
On these grounds, Ifeel the essence of a good'Methadone Program' should be what it does in ways other than Chemical to help support the individual rehabilitate themselves ; i.e. access to readily available information on other ways of treating oneself rather than the standard prescription of Codeine and Valium/Serapax etc... though they can certainly help when there does'nt appear to be any other choice, which can lead to another level of dependance and replacement of one thing for the other.
There is of course the option of admitting yourself for detoxification or Narcotics Anonymous 12 step routine which may very well work for you and not the next person.

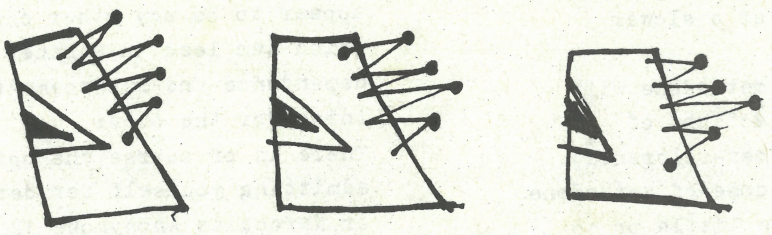
Oh there is abstinance which has nothing to do with Methadone Maintenance , a myth perpetuated within the issue of M.M.
Back to when Methadone was first produced by Germany - abstinance was not a criterion used in their program they just wanted to control/maintain.
The Methadone Program is a substitute for narcotic use and you are maintained on Methadone and regimentalised by way of a file that monitors your drug use and the scripts you cash for the rest of your life...
And yes I'm sure that Methadone is a necessary evil in as far as thats all there is apart from the above mentioned.
All these options I beleive are part of the process of getting to the point of wanting to break/stop your habit or just time out to free up some of the stresses associated with the lifestyle and allow yourself a chance to reasses your perspectives and sometimes distancing oneself from an issue can give a clearer view of things.

It comes down to where is the support needed for people not wanting to be controlled via the State in drug replacement therapy and the issue of cause and effectsof drug addiction.
Unless people receive help to deal with the effects they cannot deal with the rest. In this context Methadone is one way of helping but is not the solution.

I believe there is a total saturation point on long term Methadone Maintenance a feeling like your actually swimming through this thick syrup,then the methadone starts to cling to you like a wetsuit. If you remember to stick your head out of the bottle and want to shake that damned wetsuit off and peel back the skin that has grown over your eyes . You start to see/feel clearer and the transition can be likened to being caught up in an eddie in slow motion down some dusty deserted street where all you can hear (is yes) your own frustrated scream... and that tap thats been dripping for months...

M





# Prison Letter and Reflections

## of Ciaron O'Reilly

#2 - November, 1991

Reeves County Law Centre, Pecos, Texas

Apparently, Pecos translates from Spanish as "freckle". It doesn't take much poetic imagination or knowledge of anatomy to locate this particular freckly on the body politic. This is a message from the inner-rectum of Pax Americana, the exclusiory zone. A place for those who weren't invited to the Empire's feast but turned up anyway, for the scraps, the silverware or to grab hold of the tablecloth and bring the whole arrangement crashing down.

The overcrowding here is intense, 500 inmates are divided into cages of 24. In my wing - without partitions or walls - 150 inmates and seven televisions compete for the airwaves 18 hours a day. There is little work, no programs or educational opportunities. Pecos is basically a warehouse for the alien poor, and admittedly not the best setting for an experiment in cross cultural relations. One quickly sheds the myths born of white guilt and liberalism. Oppression does not necessarily create heroic, oppressed people. The pathetic attempts to imitate the ways and culture of the oppressor are common enough. Racism/tribalism abounds - exuded by both staff and inmates. For an interesting twist the population is 95% Mexican. So those who have historically been exploited and brutalized in Texas get to call the shots. The Arab, the Nigerian, the Jamaican, and even other Latinos are marginalized and scorned.

Being the only "white boy" here is plenty wierd. I've gone through patches of feeling intensely isolated and a little paranoid. In the early stages of introductory abuse, I mused whether a cruel God had sent me here to run the racial gauntlet as an atonement for all the nasty things white folks had done down the ages. (Well, I did say I was getting a little paranoid!) One realises one's racial group is under-represented when the transvestite community outnumbers it six to one.

Nowhere are lines drawn more clearly than in table fellowship. The transvestites sit separated, desired and despised for services rendered. In a crowded dining room I am, more often than not, left with empty spaces either side of me. I tried convincing myself it was because I appear too macho that others are scared to sit next to me. But alas, the fear is of lice, or that dreadlocks are contagious or, more likely, the consequence of ostracism through association.

To me, my dreads are a symbol of solidarity with the indigenous, the self-imposed exile of discipleship and a "don't do me any favours" message to the white establishment. But of course they are often misunderstood and inadequate, like a lot of our efforts. In this locale they have earned me the name of "Medusa" from the homeboys.

One Friday night, things turn very ugly ... into one of the most brutal events I have ever witnessed. What began as a channel-changing dispute between a Jamaican and a Mexican quickly escalated. A few punches were thrown and soon four Mexicans were circling the smaller Jamaican. A larger Nigerian from the next cage came in - trying to act as peacemaker - and put himself between the two parties. He tried to settle everyone down but lacked the linguistic skills to negotiate with the enraged Mexicans. There was a brief moment of stand-off before dozens of other Mexicans came pouring out of other cages on the wing. They totally mobbed the Nigerian; there was no escape. There must have been better odds at The Alamo. They rushed him with fists, broomsticks, mop handles and razors. It was like sharks in a feeding frenzy

The Nigerian was shackled and taken to the local hospital, order restored. The Administration response, to what in essence was a race riot, was pathetic. Any other jail if there is a loud dispute over television, they pull the plug for 24 hours. Any violence like that, a period of lockdown. But nothing ... I'm sure the attitude was to "blame-the-victim", size the blacks up as the only casualties and let it rest there. Pretty much an overall administrative racism - passive and aggressive - prevails.

Later that night I'm awakened by racially obscene screams and threats throughout the wing, directed at the remaining blacks. A wierd sensation being awakened to a nightmare, rather than from one. This nightmare abright in 3-D and sense-surround.

The next morning, as a result of the blood-lust, there is a mood of Mexican nationalism sweeping the wing. I decide to play it low-key and spend the day in a siesta-siege on my bunk. What should come on the teev as the movie of the day but "Another Shrimp on the Barbie". Cheech in Australia. Yes folks its that Kairos moment where the sublime turns ridiculous. Cheech, being a local hero, draws a max. crowd in the cage. The plot, unfortunately, is about Cheech (the little Mexican abroad) being bounced around by all these Australians who are presented as obnoxious Afrikaan supremacist types. With that classic Australian line of Social-Darwinist inquiry, "What extraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaction are ya?" I stay put in my bunk trying to look Italian, Khalahari or anything other!

As the weekend unfolds I grow more paranoid and spacey, probably through the lack of English-speaking conversational partners more than anything. I ask the supervisor for a transfer to the only English speaking cage, of Jamaicans and Nigerians, across the jail. It's "no-go", looks like they segregate on the basis of skin tone rather than linguistics.

The week rolls on and on, Thursday night I get along to mass for the first time. It's a most beautiful experience, 70 Mexicans and me ..... gold chalice, communion-onthe-tongue, transvestites-in-the-choir. The rhythm and the ritual are so familiar and comforting. All these men singing away, reminds me of the masses we had at school. The priest is Colombian and delivers what seems to be a passionate homily. I slip into one of those "Isn't it cosy to be a Catholic!" vibes and all these realisations start unfolding. Wow, like, this is my church that's survived, it's not white and speaks Spanish. So face the music buddy, move over and get some perspective. Like, practically this whole jail is Catholic ..... even the Bench Press Body Nazi types have huge tattoos of "Our Lady of Guadelupe" across their backs and the "Crucified Christ" on their biceps. Like, I've spent a whole month fighting being here, but this is where I am and there's lots to learn. So much to learn about racism for a start - a token spell as a minority of one - but on a deeper level to locate and wrestle my own inner demons of racism. For me this whole experience is an overhaul. From, at most, being a benevolent and altruistic member of the "Master Race", doling out sympathy and support as if it was mine to dispense. To an opportunity of deep solidarity with the anawym ... the coyotes, the smugglers, the culprits, the victims, the saints, brothers, fathers, sons, husbands. So like, "Stay, the mass has ended!"

There are kairos moments in this wasteland. One evening while watching rec. yard soccer, a Syrian and an Afghani got into a hilarious debate over, "Whivh way is Mecca?" East, west, sunsets and risings, it goes on and on. Neither wishing to concede that they may have been bowing in the wrong direction these past weeks. I try to put the Galileo position - that the world is round and Mecca is in both directions. This is received with as much enthusiasm as when it was first put by the big "G" himself.

The Muslims start gathering in our cage to pray. Their rhythmic bowing and chanting of the Koran is both beautiful and sacred. A Jamaican guy sings me a steady flow of reggae, whenever we meet.

*Movie of the Week*

## Another Aussie On The Spit

*Starring*

Ciaron O'Reilly

*More macho than "Crocodile Dundee," more outrageous than "Young Einstein." Social commentary, tension and humor collide as our hero tries to avoid being the main course at a West Texas Barbeque in the Pecos Jail.*

Mexican melodies burst forth from a guitarist and friends in the rec. yard. The Nigerian returns from the hospital. He tells me he doesn't blame the people, he blames the system. A Haitian friend mourns the exile of Aristide. A Salvadoran recalls Romero's funeral and his eldest brother, butchered by the military. A Colombian friend digs collecting Australian stamps.

"In the last days, the mountain of Yaweh's house shall be set over the highest mountains and shall tower over the hills.

All the nations shall stream to it, saying, "Come, let us go to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, that he may teach us his ways and we may walk in his paths. For the teaching comes from Zion, and from Jerusalem the word of Yaweh.

He will rule over the nations and settle disputes for many peoples. They will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation will not raise sword against nation; they will train for war no more."

ISAIAH 2:2-4

But the bottom line in Pecos, in the outside world and abroad is guns ... little ones, big ones. 22 killed, 25 wounded, in Killen, Texas, as a soul possessed by a militarist-misogynist spirit goes wild with an automatic pistol. In the same week an attempt to ban the pistol is defeated in Congress.

One evening we are playing soccer, when the shotgun on the tower unleashes four rounds. A sudden reminder of where we are. Two of the Mexican lads had decided to organize their own "early release program". They had gone over the rec. yard fence - razor wire and all. The four shots attract a lot of attention. Four hundred plus prisoners start moving towards the exit spot to cheer on the contestants. More guards with shotguns gather on the other side of the fence, w ile the escapees are chased offinto the fields. A stand-off develops, either side of the fence. As the escapees are run to ground, folks on our side of the fence start throwing stones with some accuracy. The guards raise their shotguns and level them at us from 20 yards. I think "Time to leave!" As I turn, "boom, boom" ... a little shocking but the shots are over our heads. Some of the guards are plenty pissed and heavily armed. Some of the Mexicans don't flinch, just keep throwing stones. I decide to hang with the Haitians, assuming they have had lots of experience in situations like this!

Pecos is a parable! A microcosm of the New World Order. American guns surrounding Latinos, Africans, Filipinos, Arabs and folks of the Caribbean.

The burning Bush, speaking with promise of napalm, cluster and Fuel-Air-Explosives declares "The future is ours to influence, to shape, to mould". He promises franchises as many as the stars.

There is a change of priorities underway in the U.S. arsenal, but not a change of heart. The European theatre may have become less hair trigger than the 80s, with nuclear armed B-52s stood down from 10 minute alert status, ground based tactical nukes removed, nukes to be taken off warships and placed in storage. How much is merely refinement, retirement and updating is debatable. Bush and Scowcroft realise nukes are a political liability with First world allies (thanks to the peace movement) and hardly applicable in Third World intrvention. They have been taken off the ground and placed in the air and under the sea. A continued determination to build S.D.I., the Stealth Bomber, Trident and Seawolf submarines assures that when push comes to shove there will be enough warheads to go around.

If anything, Bush's move signals a globe a little safer for First Worlders and a lot more dangerous for Third World folks - with no deterrence on U.S. military intervention. A rearrangement of forces against the Third World. "Invasion of Cuba" exercises are presently underway at Fort Chafee, Arkansas, complementing Congressional moves to tighten sanctions on the island. Welcome to the reign of Europe Inc., Japan Inc., and Fortress America. An ongoing conflict that is North vs South - with Australia, South Africa, Saudi and Israel as forward deployment.

The racist vigilantism sweeping Germany, and other parts of Europe, is an extension of this war on the poor. I mean, where do we Europeans get off? We spent the last five centuries moving into the Third World, ripping the guts out of the people and the resources and then get outraged when a few of the locals follow the money trail home, or are forced to flee the fascist stooges we set up.

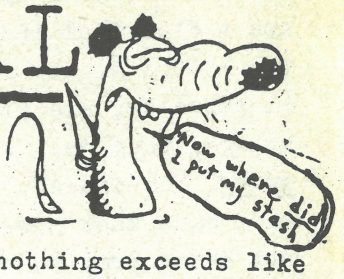
It is the 499th anniversary of Colombus. A holiday in the U.S., hard to tell in Pecos. A dry run for the big 500th next year.

I'm sitting with a Native American from Mexico - we are watching the televised baseball playoffs on this Colombus Day. Things are a little wierd. One has a surreal vision of the Stadium, where thousands of white Atlanta Braves fans are waving rubber tomahawks above their heads in rhythmic unison. There in the midst of it all is Jane Fonda (Ted Turner's power lease and home team being Atlanta, I guess) jumping up and down on the spot. This is what Pax Americana triumphant does to its indigenous and dissidents, the final humiliation, The Chestnut Tree Cafe, the embrace of Big Brother ..... Meanwhile in D.C., in front of mobs of Knights of Colombus, Bruce, Mary and Scott from the Catholic Worker pour blood on the statue of Colombus, spray paint "500 Years of Genocide!" and read statements. Charged with felonies, they are presently in the bowels of D.C. dungeons.

Repentance calls. Liberation awaits.

Ciaron O'Reilly

# ETHEREAL/ EPHEMERAL




## by Unckle Rat

BRISBURN, In the year 2525 AD. Old Man Rat is sitting on a bench in the Peter Beattie Memorial Monorail Terminal, twitching and jerking with the miswired energy of 67 years of Chronic Sdf Abuse. Next to him, a Modern Youth, dressed in the very Height of Fashion, is slumpedin a comotose state. His head rolls heavily from time to time as he mutters unintelligibly.

"ETHEREAL.. EPHEMERAL...", the youth murmurs softly.

"What's that you say son?" Old Man Rat bellows jovially," EPHEMERAAL?? EPHEMEROLL?? Why, Yes, that's that new drug on the market ain't it..its effects are elusive, transitory, virtually intangible in fact, yet once touched by it, it clings to you with the firm persistence of a spiderweb..of course it wears off after awhile, leaving the user with no clear recollection of what it actually felt like. That's the hook of course,, the kids keep going back to it trying to nail down exactly why they took it in the first place..dog chasing its own tail, son..So whaddaya paying for a taste?

"Fifty bucks will get you into a heavy reverie," said the youth, attaining consciousness briefly," but its been cut."

"What with son?"

"I'm sure there's a touch of Reality here somewhere."

"That's usually the way of it son," Old Man Rat explained kindly, sharing the dubious wisdom of the years,"..you take care now. That Stuff can linger around for a long time and its a real bummer.. you get 'the bills', corners and hard edges bruise your limbs, doubt creeps in, the light hurts your eyes..stay away from that Designer shit man, it'll kill you quick..

But if you wanna get really high then ETHERIUM is the kick for you Charlie.. getting fainter and fainter and furthur away..Higher & Higher, they say you can hear the angels sing or the Heavenly Music of the Spheres, looking down from those great heights as the doorbell rings and rings and rings..

but nothing exceeds like excess I always say, so if you want the full Synergistic Potential of the Multiple Drug High to be tapped, then there's nothing like Spherecaine to round things off.. Yep, still only twenty five bucks for a 2 way ticket..there and back again you understand, you gotta do the full trip, son, no-one ever gets off halfway..

But never take Spherecaine by itself son; produces that terrible hollow feeling, the old existential void in the centre of ones Being.. a void that can only be filled by dense packing the human vessel with a strategically selected array of alkaloids!

"Allkilloiddssss," slurred the youth mindlessly.

"The ALCHO-LOIDS you say son? Now that takes me right back.. I remember the Alcho-loids.. Alchoholic androids created by the Alchohol Industry in the Nineties to boost sagging sales when folks realized it was cheaper and quicker to have a surgical operation to remove the cerebral cortex than spend 25 years drinking alchohol to achieve the same effect. That's the Korsakoff Syndrome, son..permanent alchohol induced organic brain damage to you.. there aint nothing like it..recollect when I was a psych. nurse in the seventies.. know who the happiest folks in the world are son? Folks with Korsakoffs Psychosis, thats who. All sense of identity is erased as is all the memories, starting with the most recent, the old memories go last so's that at the end your left singing nursery rhymes and gurgling Dada as they spoon oatmeal mush into your toothless mouth.

But they's always smiling son, not a worry in the world and there was wards & wards full of them..not like it is today with the Psych. Terminals overflowing with the victims of De-ragent & Anti-Disgustoid abuse.."

"Allkillociidddsszz," the youth repeated, for no apparent reason.

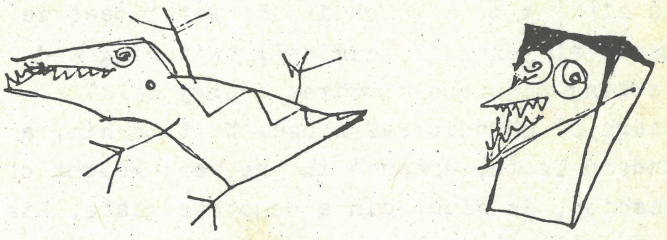
"No son, they're all gone now. Turned out to be a Blight on the Industry. Now

whereas with humans violent mood swings are a classical indicator of alchoholism, the Androids, not having the same emotional capacity, are not afflicted by mood swings, they just swing, and I do mean swing. Yes indeed, I'll say this for them, they sure knew how to party. But of course not being prey to remorse, regret and other syndromes of the day after, they soon started unravelling society's delicate fabric, undermining the Family etc, corner stone of Society doncha know, it was fun for awhile but they had no sense of shame, a trait which decent folks deeply resented and envied, so they was all rounded up & exiled to some godforsaken island somewhere. They're probably still there for all I Know, on their island in the sun, sipping rum & coca cola.."Old Man Rat trails off humming an archaic melody.

"But you distracted me son, you distracted me, I was going to tell you about Anxiety & Depression. Now in the eighties this was a common complaint..got a pension for it myself you know, not to mention a lifetime script of tranqillizers & anti-depressants ..never took them of course..used to feed em to the ducks in the park..Gosh I used to love the way they glided about so serenely on the water. Of course the effect was ruined somewhat when they were floating upside down but you could always take em home and eat em.

Anyways by the nineties the Quacks (thats the psychiatrists son, not the ducks) realized they were getting more & more cases of people who had Rage & Disgust rather than wimping out with A&D, so they cooked up two new classes of drug to cope with the situation. (This was when MOODS INcorporated took over the whole drug industry, operating under a special charter from the New World Order's Social Stability Division)

First out of the labs was the De-ragents. Now whereas many of the other popular drugs of the time, like Angel Dust, acted by supressing the brains higher functions, leaving the Reptile Brain running the show, the De-ragents suppressed all the basic reptile drives like fear, rage, hate etc that are so much a part of daily life. Needless to say folks started abusing it. BLAND, they called it on the streets & for awhile all the kids were blanding out. With chronic abuse permanent melancholia set in and if they did'nt get their Bland nice and steady the old Reptile brain started lashing around making up for lost time. That's why most the Bland heads ended up in the locked wards..the Reptile House as its called.



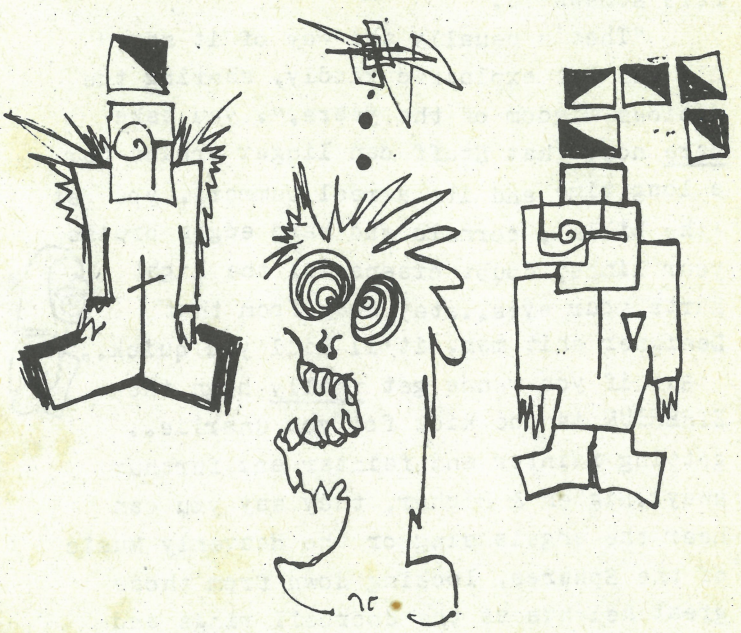
Did'nt have much luck with the Anti-disgustants either. Designed as a sort of psychological anti-emetic for spiritual nausea, the drug proved to be too successful folks on it would swallow anything, buy anything, believe any crap you told them

..soon there was hordes of..but say son, I said SAy, your not Listening to me, son, ..."

Old man Rat scratched himself thoughtfully. The youth had slumped onto the ground and was completely motionless. His lips no longer twitched with unspoken words.

"well son I'll be seeing you..time to smoke a little of my 'herbal remedy'. Take it from me son, the'old ways'are the best, no matter what Moods Inc says."

The old Rodent shuffled off. "Kids today got no stamina," he thought disparigingly, as behind him an automated Street Cleaner moved inexorably towards the prostrate figure lying on the ground.....



*A long time ago, when the world was fresh and new, and men were strong fierce creatures, and women were beautiful and voluptuous, everybody who was anybody lived in a castle, and everybody else was a serf. I was the most lovely individual that ever existed. Everyone, including the lord of the manor himself, agreed upon this point. I of course loved this. The lord of the manor loved me but I was not of his class. I had to accept this but since I was living in a fairy story I took things as they came. I hoped some day to be proved a secret child of noble blood hidden away from my evil stepmother. But no one ever proved this, so I married the blacksmith's son.*

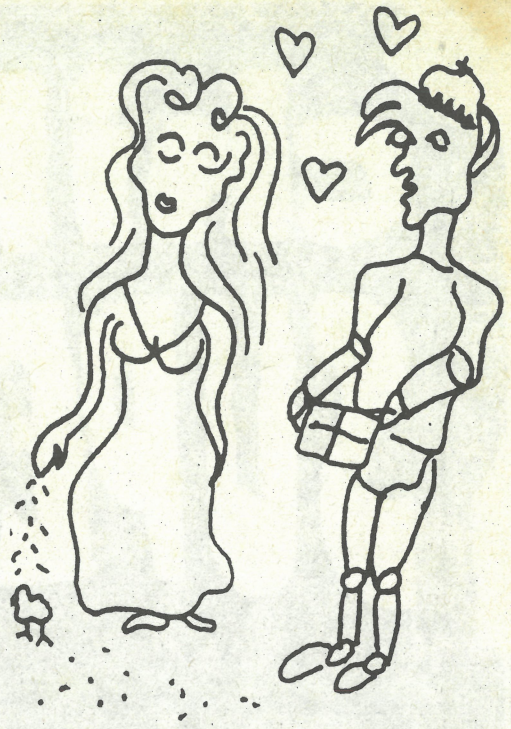
*We had many children but we were uneducated folk. I never really worked out if the overlord's intentions towards me were serious or not but they did not last long because I soon grew old and plain. I bacame so unhappy wishing for something that could have been that I became a witch shortly after my husband (the drunken fool that he was) had been killed in a war. I was but a village witch when I learned of a hermitess half a mile down the road with the tools of black magic. She also was only a village witch and hardly worth the flames of the stake. Her habits were eccentric but she was no more of a witch than the many strange others of her kind.*

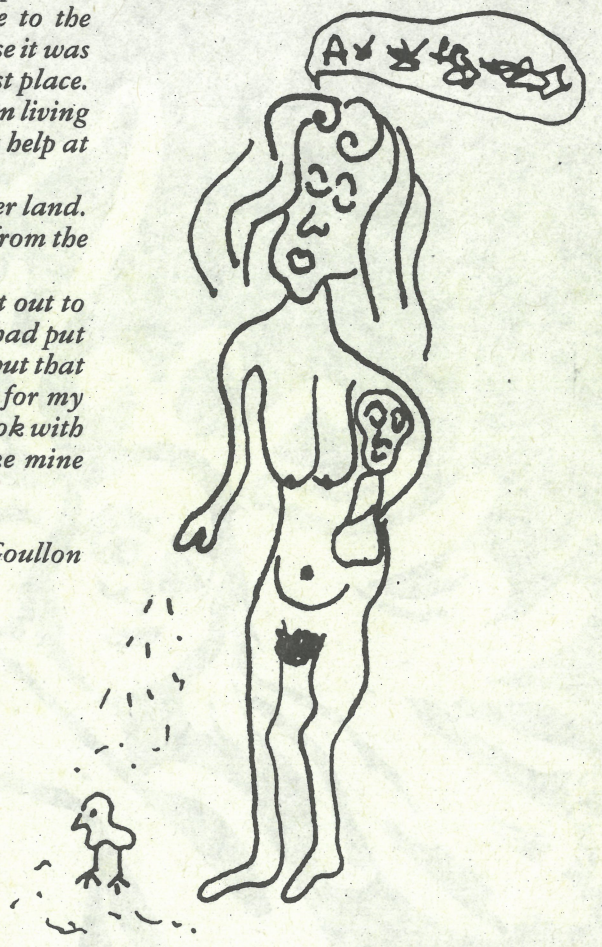
*She helped me put a curse on the lord of the manor and upon his aristocratic wife. The day after I cursed them, a plague came to the manor. Those of us who lived in his village were also cursed because it was us who worked on his property and gave him prosperity in the first place. The doctors could do nothing. There were fears that all the children living on the manor would die. The prayers from the monastery did not help at all.*

*But one day we had a visitor, a great magician from another land. He worked out my incantation and saved the lord of the manor from the door of death.*

*From the other witch he had heard about my story. They set out to find me, which they soon did, and they told me of the children I had put into danger. The lord of the manor said that I had great powers but that they were rough and unchecked and that God would punish me for my sin. He then saw my children and spoke to each one of them. He took with him my first born son because I told him that to have a son like mine around would make his first son wise.*

*Bernadette le Goullon*





# chills of the SUPERNATURAL

NECRADAMUS - THE GRAVE KEEPER